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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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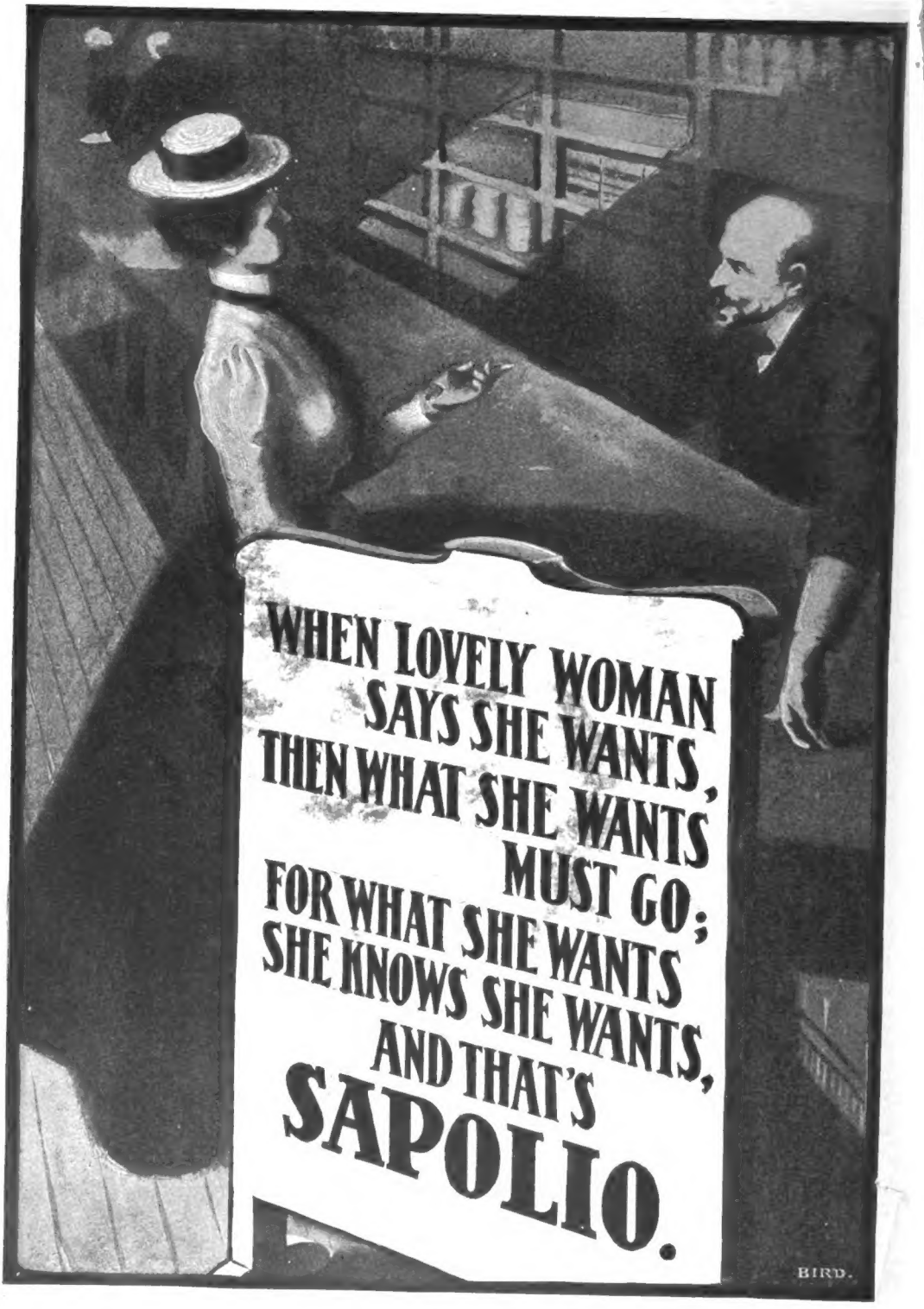

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Photo by Madame Lallie.

IN THE ORCHARD.

See "Art of the Camera."

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A GREAT CITY LAUNDRY

By Eugene Wood.

THE COLLAR AND CUFF MACHINE.

FAR down the hill of Poverty, just this side of Starvation, used to be a place called Taking-in-Washing-for-a-Living. But modern inventive genius and the magical application of steam-power have made what was of low estate one of the most respected of industries, and the fame of the first city where laundry work was done on a large scale by machinery (Troy, N. Y.) has spread abroad throughout all the land, if not, indeed, throughout all the world. It was not so very long ago that most of the linen of New York City was taken thither to be done up every week.

In the best-equipped establishments but a small part of the work is rubbed clean on the washboard, though it is hardly twenty-five years since everything was cleansed so, and there are those still alive that recollect when the washboard was a new thing and clothes were battled, or paddled (the word is the same), on rocks till the particles of dirt forsook their hold on the fibres of the goods and floated away on the suds. That must have been even a more destructive process than the present one, although to-day nobody complains that his collars and cuffs last too long.

The big modern laundry professes itself able and willing to take charge of the washing of everything, from one collar to a circus tent. This last seems rather a great boast, but there is really only one thing to prevent its being done, and that is the lack of wish on the part of the circus people. The more grimy a tent is, the more comfortable; and on a blazing summer day no place is quite so hot and stuffy and hard on the eyes as a brand-new circus tent. But if it were desirable to wash it, the pieces of which it is made would none of them be too large to be handled in one water. Large marquees for garden parties are often done up, and when a big crash, for a ball-room floor, needs to go to the laundry, it can come back as clean as new, all ironed as neatly as a tablecloth, without a stitch being ripped. So far, the largest crash washed has been forty by eighty feet, but it is a common thing to launder fifteen double blankets at once, and that makes a tolerably good-sized bundle when you come to pile it up before the mind's eye.

One can see at once that the handling of such an enormous weight is better done by steam than by human strength, but one

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wonders how machinery can be devised that will rub and rub on the soiled places till they become clean. The answer is very simple. The machine does not rub at all. All the good that rubbing does is to force the soapy water through the clothes. That can be as well done by putting the soiled things into a big cylinder and "sloshing" them about in the water. The cylinder, or "wheel," as it is called, is made of pine wood perforated with holes, and is quite smooth in the beginning, so as not to wear out the clothes; but after a while they wear the soft wood away and leave the grain of the pine standing out in ribs. The cylinder in which the wheel revolves, now one revolution toward you and now one revolution from you, is half full of water and has a hinged lid to open.

If the modern laundry can do things well, it is not by despising the wisdom of the ancients. Many ages ago it was discovered that it would not do to put the washing into hot water first off. That sets such stains as blood so that they will never come out. So in the washing machine, as in the washtub, the cold water is turned on first and the things shaken about a while to liberate vinegar spots and the like, and then the steam is let in and bubbles up through the water with a noise like the ripping of canvas. After that the soap is put in, not in bars, but dissolved in water. It is an olive-green liquor that looks as if it would make the finest bubbles in the world. It has been found the merest economy to use the best olive-oil soap that money can buy, and compared to it the costliest toilet soaps are sheer adulterated articles, what with their perfume and their coloring matter. As for the common yellow washing soaps, the laundryman laughs and says, "Resin," and considers the incident closed.

How long the clothes are tossed about in the washer depends upon what they are and where they come from. In a fine hotel the bed-linen is changed every day; in others not so often. In the first case the sheets would not need more than from twenty to thirty minutes' washing. Shirts, 500 of them all together, will wash about an hour and a quarter. Other things require different periods between these extremes, in all cases the judgment of the man that tends the machine being called into action.

The suds are run off and the clothes rinsed with clear water for five minutes or so. Then comes the bluing for the white clothes, and it is interesting to note that there are little knacks in all businesses. The bluing is mixed with water in a pail and the lid of the machine lifted back, showing the perforated wooden cylinder revolving. The workman does not throw the bluing on while the wheel turns toward him, but waits till it starts back. That gives it a more even distribution over the clothes and keeps them from being streaky. There is no luck here about getting the clothes too blue this week and not blue enough next. It is all a matter of measurement, as much so as the compounding of a prescription.

In the country where land is cheap it is easy enough to spread the wash out on the grass and on the currant bushes to dry where the sun can bleach them white as snow, but in a big city a king's ransom would be but a small thing compared with the yearly rental of enough ground space to permit this. So Science put her forehead in her hand and thought hard of a way to get the same results at a less expense. The fragrance of clean linen dried in the sun has long been dear to the human nostrils, and it has been found out that it comes from ozone, which is a form that oxygen takes when it is swept over water in the sunlight. Ozone fades out vegetable colors. Our English ancestors fought hard against using lime to whiten linen, and especially chloride of lime, but they had to come to it. The chlorine gas in that compound, a greenish-yellow vapor, sharp and suffocating, has also the property of bleaching. So, without going too much into detail, a chemical is used while the clothes are being washed that sets free these two gases and makes the white things as white as if they had lain in the blazing sun and had been assiduously sprinkled for many days.

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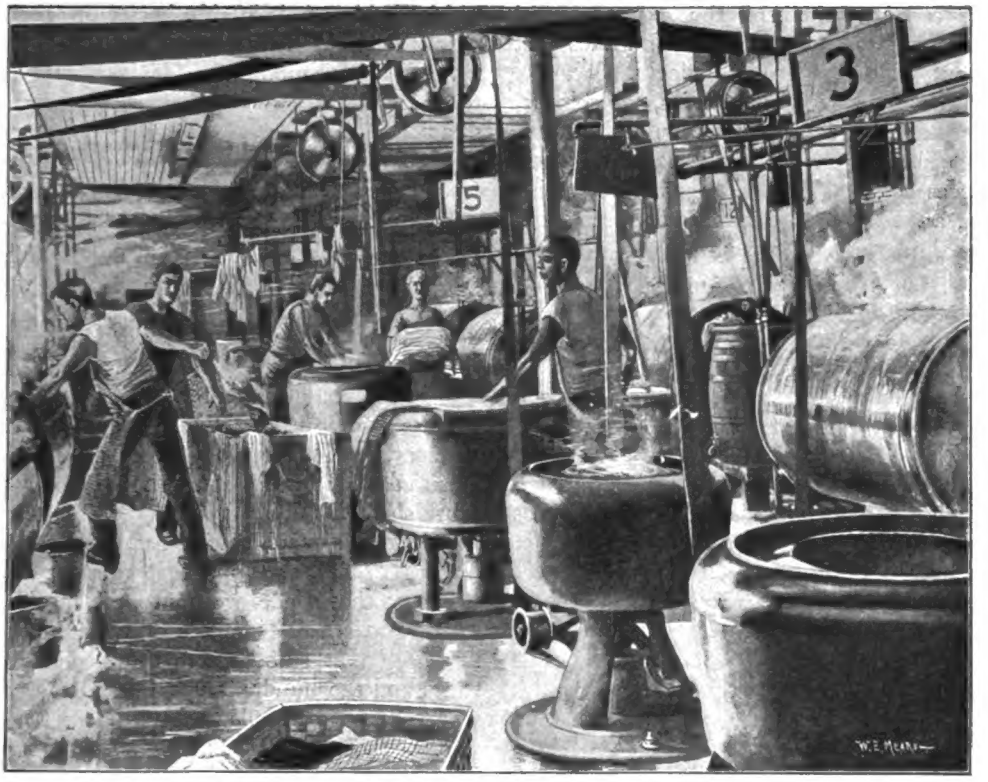

THE CYLINDERS IN WHICH CLOTHES ARE WASHED AND THE EXTRACTORS IN WHICH THEY ARE DRIED.

It is just here that a man begins to feel resentment against the laundry. "So that's the reason," he says, "why my cuffs get a fringe on them the second washing. That's why my collars turn to circular saws and try to haggle my neck off. They use chemicals, eh?" Well, sunlight is a pretty powerful chemical in its way, too, and it rots the fibre of linen if you give it time enough. In bleaching linen for the market there is a great loss of weight, and nothing else causes that but the destruction of the flax fibre. What does the harm to the clothes in the laundry is, not the chemicals used, but carelessness in rinsing. Plenty of clean water and plenty of time will take out all the bleaching agent and leave the clothes no worse off than if they had bleached in the sun, to say nothing of their being a good deal whiter.

After the bluing is well shaken up, the "wheel is pulled," as they call it, and the wet clothes are taken out. It would be a tremendous undertaking to wring them all out by hand or by wringer, besides being bad for the goods, so Science once more sits down and thinks how to do it quickly and cheaply. If you take a pail of water and swing it over your head the water will not fall out, for it wants to get away from the centre of motion so much that it presses more on the bottom of the bucket than the attraction of gravitation pulls it toward the earth. If there were holes in the bottom of the bucket while it was whirled the water would fly out in jets, and if there were wet clothes in it instead of water the wet would fly out and leave the clothes. If you swung it long enough you could get the clothes dry. In the modern laundry they swing the bucket horizontally instead of vertically, that is, they put the wet clothes in a perforated, basket-shaped copper vessel, and spin that a thousand times a minute inside a cast-iron vessel of the same shape. The water flies out through the perforations into

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the cast-iron shell of the extractor, and leaves the clothes after seven minutes just about dry enough to iron nicely.

The flat things, like sheets, tablecloths, and napkins, can be done up right away. Indeed, in a well-equipped laundry 5,000 pieces can be washed, ironed, folded, tied up, and delivered within two hours from the time they are received. The ironing of flat goods is simplicity itself. If they were all of the same size there could be a folding machine which would also be simple; but since people will have different sizes of beds and tables, and insist upon having one kind of napkin for breakfast and another for luncheon and still another for dinner, the work has to be done by human hands. The ironing machine, though, does not care whether the work is big or little. Its smooth steel rolls, filled with steam under high pressure and wrapped with blankets and then with canvas, revolve impartially for napkins and tablecloths, and the six rolls crush out all the little individual wrinkles into a blank white uniformity that would delight the soul of a man that wants everybody to agree with him.

With these rollers so hot all day long more than perpetual summer reigns in the ironing room of a large laundry. The temperature is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit the year round, and the girls at work there are gemmed with perspiration. As a consequence they have the most beautiful pink and white complexions in the world. Even the swarthy Jewesses and Italians have a texture of skin that a high-born lady might covet and not have. The reason is not far to seek. The moist heat induces perspiration and keeps the depuratory glands of the epidermis in full action—something that rarely happens with the rest of us, because we smother our skins with clothes and throw all the work of cleansing the blood upon the lungs and kidneys. It is not strange, either, that a cold is a rarity among the girls in a laundry for all their carelessness in rushing out of the place in the dead of winter in thin calico frocks. It is not uncommon to find women past sixty working in these places at good wages, and rarely missing a day.

If anything, it is a trifle hotter up where they iron the white jackets than where the table-linen is smoothed. It is a smaller room and less open to the breeze, and if the steam rolls are not so large, there are the big drying closets to make up for it. These are like great chests of drawers, with the drawers sliding vertically instead of horizontally. In the drawers are bars with hooks, on which are hung clothes that have to be dried and then starched. It would never do to starch them while they were yet damp from the centrifugal extractor, for the starch would all peel away when they came to be ironed. When one of these drawers is pulled out a gust of air issues that makes one think of the hot room in a Turkish bath.

There is a machine for dampening the clothes evenly, and one that rubs in the starch so that it gets well into the meshes of the goods. The rollers of the "body-ironers," that smooth out the bodies of shirts and the hundreds upon hundreds of waiters' and bartenders' jackets, are not wrapped with blankets and canvas, as are those of the sheet-ironers, but are of polished steel. A treadle operated by the foot pulls their revolving surfaces together whenever the workwoman wishes as she shifts the jacket about nimbly and makes it look new and fresh. There is no invidious distinction here between the sexes. Equal pay for equal work is the motto, and the girls make the same as the men for ironing jackets—two cents each. How nimble they are is shown by the wages the best ones draw—from $18 to $20 a week. One girl does 225 of these coats a day, but she is a wonder.

Collars and cuffs go into the "dasher," which is a machine like the extractor. Hot starch is thrown in on them, and the motion drives the starch surely into all the fibres of the linen. The water with which they are dampened just before they go through the rolls has alcohol in it to facilitate the drying and to give a hard surface. Mixing melted wax with the starch to give it a gloss has long ago gone out of fashion. Nothing but "domestic finish" is to be had nowadays.

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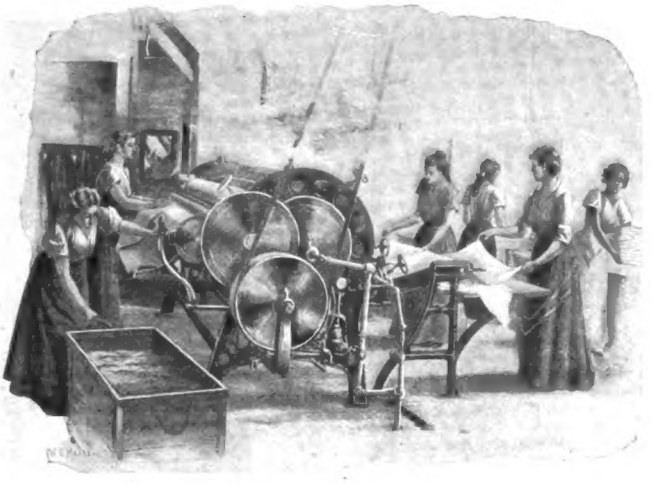
What makes the saw edge on collars and cuffs is a question that bothers all the patrons of a laundry. One is quite prepared to admit that collars will not last forever, but he would like it if they would not get an edge that threatens to haggle off his head after the third washing. He probably knows that the bleach tends to break the linen fibre, and that the pressure collars are under when they are ironed spreads out the loose ends so that they dry into jagged points. If he worries about these things, he may assure himself that the laundryman worries ten times more. Fortunately in the last year or so the worry has amounted to something useful. A benefactor of his kind has invented a machine that smooths down those raw edges and irons a six months' old collar as smoothly as if it had just come out of the shop. It is a simple sort of an affair, something like the starch-rubber. It moistens the edge and then rubs down the points and blends them, so to speak, and after pressing them flat, irons them so that they stay that way.

This is about the end of machine work in the laundry. Things in pale tints — pink, lavender, light blue, and all the delicate hues—are not washed in the machine. A dainty color flies, and light fabrics must therefore be cleansed by hand on a washboard, wrung out with a hand wringer, and in every other way treated just as they would be at home. So are flannels, silks, and laces, each of which demands the attention of a specialist.

Shirt-bosoms and neck and wristbands are ironed on the old-fashioned ironing-board with a flatiron, and lace curtains have to be stretched by their points on a frame in the old, tedious way. There are some things that machinery cannot do yet, even in Troy.

But one important branch of the business the housewife and private laundress have little concern with, and that is the marking of the clothes. It is evident that each article in every batch must be marked alike, or there would be a fine lot of trouble. Nothing makes a man quite so angry as to find another man's collar among his. It seems all the more an unwarrantable intrusion if it is the wrong size. It complicates the work of the markers if the things have been to other laundries, for a uniform brand must be put on all of the same customer's work, besides marks that show from what branch office the work came. Also, a customer does not want any more indelible ink on the inside of his collar than is absolutely necessary, and he resents too much branding.



IRONING TABLECLOTHS.

Things like handkerchiefs and socks cannot well be marked with indelible ink like collars and cuffs, for nobody wants his white linen handkerchiefs blotched up with queer bunches of characters warranted not to wash out in any kind of fluid. Also his socks may be black, and the ink could not do much in the way of identification. In the smaller laundries both handkerchiefs and socks are marked with red cotton threads sewn in some kind of a device, but it is obvious that the different marks possible are limited in their number, and so in the big laundries the distinctive characters of a

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man's wash are marked on tags which are fastened to the whole bunch of socks or handkerchiefs.

When the wash is opened, in the first place, the sorter makes a list of all the articles with an eye particularly directed to see if anything is torn when it comes. If so, it is often sent back to the customer unwashed; but if it can be mended, the darning machine is called into service, and if there is likely to be any discussion which may result in a patron taking his work elsewhere, a new article is quietly bought, and no more said.

SMOOTHING BARTENDERS' JACKETS.

Stains are looked after, too, before things go into the "wheel." There is a preparation that takes out iron rust, wine, and vinegar stains. But mildew and grass stains have never been known, so they say, to come out completely with any kind of treatment.

Seeing that they profess to look over the wash so carefully—and it is apparent that they must—it is wonderful how many incongruous things get into the "wheel." For instance, how could a dog get mixed up with the wash? Yet there was a case of that kind not long ago. They didn't find it till the wheel came to be pulled. It is hardly necessary to say that the dog did not survive the process of being sloshed about in the cold water, the hot water, the soap suds, the bleach, and the bluing, but the trouble he made lasted a good deal longer than he did. He was a dear little brown puppy, and the steam loosened his hair, and that whole wheel-full had to be done over eight times before the hairs all came off the work. A fine big feather pillow went through the process and came out perfectly clean, but the feathers were a little hard to dry. It took a matter of three days in the drying closet, and then the customer wasn't satisfied and had the pillow opened and the feathers freshened up. Dishes, dinner-plates, salt-cellars, table cutlery, are common things to pick out of the wheel. They come from hotels, where the work is sorted for the laundry, and where the servants get in a hurry and do not look what they are about. Diamond studs often go through the wheel none the worse for it, and of course collar-buttons are as common as can be, even very expensive ones.

The crank makes his presence known in the laundry business as in every other where dealings are had with a large number of people. The distinctive laundry crank, though, is the man that will never wear an article of apparel until it has been washed. He is not very frequent, but he exists, and as soon as he buys underclothing or socks or collars that were washed and ironed the last thing before they went into the box from which his own hand has taken them, he sends the package to his laundry.

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At the End of the Day

By Derek Vane,

Author of "The Three Daughters of Night," etc.

"Which shall it be?" she asked herself. "Shall I go out of the world respectably, or try to buy a moment's happiness at the end? I can't bear the idea of being buried like a pauper, but I should like to die with a kind word in my ears—it is so long since I heard one. I should like to feel and look a lady again, if only for an hour."

Margaret Eden was sitting in Kensington Gardens early one morning in June, debating this question with herself. She presented a striking contrast to her surroundings. Nature was at her freshest and sweetest at this hour in the morning; thrush and blackbird warbled in the trees, and the bold sparrows dipped in and out of the ponds and sat in rows on the rails to dry. The woman who watched this pretty toilet performance with unseeing eyes was neither young nor fresh nor fair, though not so many years ago she had been all three. In her hand she held a shabby purse containing a £10 note, every shilling of which meant hard work. She had come here to decide what she should do with it; whether it should pay for a decent burial, or purchase for her an hour's doubtful happiness; a taste of her old life. There might have been a suggestion of the ridiculous in such a debate to an outsider; but it did not strike her so.

Being a woman, excitable, apt to act on impulse, craving with a sick intensity for a little love and kindness, it was, perhaps, not difficult to foretell the result.

"Vogue la galère!" she cried recklessly, throwing up her head with a touch of her old grace. "I have been like Martha, careful and troubled about many things. I will be like the lilies of the field for a change, who take no thought for the morrow. To-day, at least, is mine; let me make the most of it.

"Just to look at you once more, Jack, just to touch your hand," she murmured, as she got up. "Then darkness and nothingness."

She gathered her shabby cloak round her, pulled the coarse veil over her face, and walked away, holding herself more erect than she had done for many a day. She stepped lightly along, instead of with her usual dragging, weary tread. Was she not going to take her old place in the world—the place that belonged to her before? In a fit of pique she had married Lawrence Eden, and sunk with him lower and lower, until at his death a few months ago she had reached the level from which it is not easy to rise again.

"I must have some breakfast first," she said to herself gaily. She was not going to think of any unpleasant things to-day; she was going to be happy. "I wonder what I shall have?" And she felt an almost childish interest in the subject.

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She entered a fashionable restaurant near Regent Street, which was only just being opened, and a yawning waiter looked at her askance; her appearance scarcely seemed to justify her presence in that white and gold saloon. She smiled at his scarcely concealed disdain, as, in her excitement, she would have smiled at any trifle, and ordered coffee and an omelet.

"It is rather different from my usual breakfast of the contents of yesterday's teapot and a stale crust," she mused as she daintily attacked the omelet, and, with pure physical enjoyment, inhaled the delicious aroma of the Mocha. "But I mustn't think of that. I am like one of the poor old 'crackers' I used to let off on the Fifth of November in my childish days. I have lain smouldering in the darkness for a long time, and now I am going off with a fizz at the end."

SHE ENJOYED THE MEAL AT HER LEISURE, SCANNING A DAILY PAPER THE WHILE.

She enjoyed the meal at her leisure, scanning a daily paper the while. Once she nearly laughed aloud when she found herself following a curious case with close interest.

"How absurd I am! What can it matter to me? I shall never see the end of it."

When she went out into Regent Street the sun was blazing and the shop windows were decked with all the novelties of the season. She stopped and looked in at one of the fashionable drapers. There was a pretty pink muslin frock in the window which caught her attention.

"He always used to admire me in pink," she murmured. "He said I looked like a rose. I wonder if I might venture on it now? I should like to remind him as much as I can of the 'Margot' he once loved."

It was such a dainty robe, and it was so long since she had worn anything bright and pretty, that she could not resist it. Rather timidly she went in. The great glass doors were thrown back; an obsequious attendant bowed before her, and the next moment she was going up the thickly carpeted staircase to the "Costume Department." Her figure was still slight and girlish, and the muslin being made blouse-fashion, with soft folds that supplied the roundness of which trouble and want had robbed her long ago, it needed but little alteration, and was decidedly becoming.

"It suits madame to perfection," remarked the superior young person who attended on her, thinking at the same time that she had got hold of a queer customer. It was not usual for faded-looking women in shabby black to come in and buy pink muslins.

And as Margaret looked at herself in the long pier glass she could not but indorse the verdict. Her good breakfast and the

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excitement under which she was laboring had given back to the worn face something of its former youth and beauty; the eyes sparkled; there was a vivid spot of color in the delicate cheeks; the plentiful brown hair, which was the only thing time had left untouched, fell in soft waves on her forehead. You could imagine that ten years ago it had been a pretty, dimpled, baby face; not very wise or strong, perhaps, but the type of face that makes its way very easily to most men's hearts. It was stronger and had more character now than in those bygone days; but much of the old nature was still left. It was too pure and high to consort with shame and disgrace, but it could not rise above circumstances or struggle on alone.

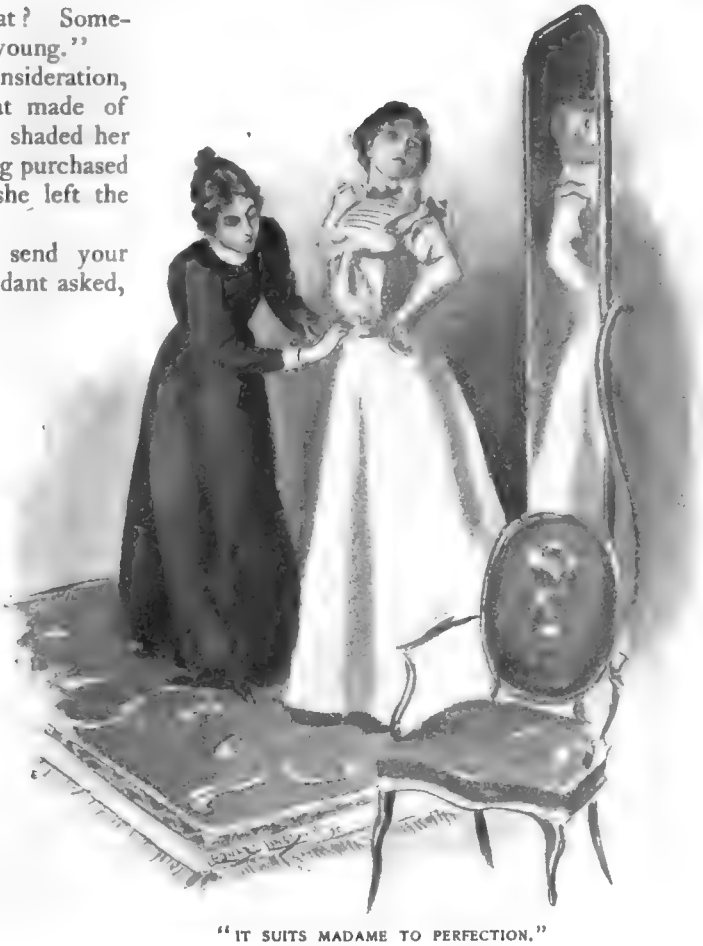
"I will take it," she said with an attempt at dignity. "Now will you show me a hat? Something not—not too young."

After anxious consideration, she decided on a hat made of black chiffon, which shaded her face softly, and having purchased a veil and gloves, she left the shop.

"Where shall I send your things?" the attendant asked, as Margaret was going away without giving any address.

"Oh, it does not matter—" she began; and then seeing the surprise on the girl's face, she gave the name of the East-end street in which she had a solitary room. It was not likely that the fashionable draper's cart would ever find its way there, and what need had she of those clothes now? They belonged to another life. She had gone back ten years.

After lunch, which she did not enjoy quite so much as her breakfast, for her appetite was less keen, and the critical moment which she could not contemplate without a wild throbbing of her pulses was drawing closer, she took a hansom to a little street in Soho. She would not walk; she did not want to soil the first freshness of her attire. A critical inspection of her face had not quite pleased her; it was not young enough for the frock; it was scarcely pretty enough to revive a dead or dying tenderness. She knew there was a famous face artist off Leicester Square—a man who could give a semblance of beauty if there were any foundation to work on. She would go to him and see what he could do for her.



"IT SUITS MADAME TO PERFECTION."

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"I don't want to appeal to Jack's pity," she thought. "I couldn't bear that; I who once had only to hold up my finger for him to fall at my feet. He knows, of course, that I have come down in the world, but he does not know how badly. I do not wish him to know. I *must* see him again. I'm just hungering for the sound of his voice, but I don't want to spoil his remembrance of me. I should like him to find me fair to the last."

"Make me look as nice as you can," she said a little piteously as she put herself into the artist's hands, and he, being a Frenchman, and, as such, qualified to understand the feminine nature better than most of his sex, felt a touch of sympathy, and did not laugh.

"Madame shall be quite satisfied," he said respectfully. "Madame has not taken care of herself, but the materials are all here, and my art is easy then."

When Margaret saw herself after those skilful fingers had done their work she gave a little cry of delight and surprise. Behind a veil, she might almost have been the girl of ten years ago; nothing was coarse or palpably false. The man was an enthusiast in his profession, and worked on the human face as he might have worked on a canvas.

"How long will it last?" she asked, with a little unsteady laugh.

"MADAME MUST NOT GIVE WAY TO THE EMOTIONS."

He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands.

"Madame must not give way to the emotions," he said. "They are very bad for the face—the emotions. To look bright and happy even if one does not feel so—that is half the battle."

When Margaret found herself again in the neighborhood of the Park it was nearly five o'clock.

"It is time," she thought, drawing a long breath. "I remember she always went out driving from five to six."

She turned into a street off Park Lane, and stopped at a little white house with gay window-boxes filled with scarlet geraniums and marguerites. Red and white striped sunblinds shaded the windows and reminded one of the villas on the Riviera.

"She was always fond of show," Margaret thought, with a touch of bitterness. There seemed to be a suggestion of ostentation about the gay little house, and it was hard to contrast that other woman's fate with her own; to think of her filling the place she might have had.

"But she had good taste too," she added more generously the next moment; "and she had the right to spend her money as she pleased."

It was not until she stood before the door and raised the knocker with a trembling

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hand that it occurred to her that all the trouble she had taken might be in vain; that the master of the house might not be at home. She sickened at the thought, but thrust it back quickly. Fate would not play her such a shabby trick at last.

The door opened and she found that her fears had been needless. Mr. Leslie was at home.

AS SHE STOOD MOTIONLESS, A MAN RECLINING IN A LOW CHAIR TURNED HIS HEAD AND UTTERED A SHARP EXCLAMATION.

"You need not announce me," she said, as the man stopped outside a door. "I am an old friend." And before he could remonstrate she had opened the door herself and gone in.

The room seemed half dark after the glare outside, and Margaret paused a moment to look round. As she stood motionless, a man reclining in a low chair turned his head and uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Margot! Margot!" he repeated, with a touch of awe in his wonderment, but in tones of infinite love and longing. Was it a vision—the spirit of the girl he had loved ten years ago, and never forgotten? He did not move from his seat, but his eyes clung to her face.

At the sound of the old pet name, uttered with the same tender inflection, Margaret's self-control broke down. Gone was her pride, forgotten was the explanation she had mapped out for herself; forgotten was everything, except that the man she had never ceased to love was before her; that after nigh upon ten years she looked on his face again, and found in it the old ten-

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derness which had always leapt out for her.

"Jack—oh, Jack!" she murmured, stretching out her arms with a little sobbing cry like a child, and running towards him she fell at his feet.

"Margot, is it really you? I can hardly believe it. I have thought of you so often, and lately I have been making inquiries about you in every direction, but all in vain."

"Why should you think of me, Jack—of *me?*"

"Have you forgotten?"—sadly. "I could never forget. If I am nothing to you, why have you come to me—why do you look at me with the eyes of the girl I loved?"

She rose to her feet, putting up her hands to her head.

"I don't understand," she murmured. "What do you mean? What can you and I be to each other now? I came because—because I knew it would be the last time; because I could not go without bidding you farewell. Oh, my pride has had a heavy fall, Jack, since the day it came between you and me. I wanted a kind word from you, that is all; I have no right to more."

"Then you have no love for me left? How could I expect it after all these years? And yet I had ventured to hope. I had heard that you were free, and when I saw you standing there, I thought you had come to me, knowing how much I want you."

She looked at him wildly. She had done and suffered much to-day, and her strength had been taxed almost beyond what she could bear.

"Don't torture me, Jack—you were never cruel! Why should you kneel at my feet"—for he had thrown himself down beside her—"at mine which have walked in the mire for many a day? I am not what I appear to be. I am poor and lonely and growing old. Don't mock me, Jack! Give me a kind word and let me go."

But he clasped her hand the tighter.

"Let you go when I have only just found you again, when you have almost told me you love me?" He laughed.

She looked at him piteously.

"Don't you understand?" she whispered. "Are you going mad or am I? I am such a poor creature, Jack—my life is so wretched, that I was going to put an end to it to-night. You see, you can't have anything in common with *me*. I had saved £10, so that the parish should not bury me—I could not bear the thought of that—and I should have gone out of the world quietly—just an overdose of chloral, which nobody could have said was not an accident.

"But then came the thought of you, Jack—I felt I must see you once more. So—so the £10 went in *this*"—pointing to her dress—"that I might be presentable in your eyes to the last. There! you know all my humiliation now," and she laughed hysterically. "If you love me, don't seek to degrade me further. Let me go; I could not bear to meet your wife."

"My wife died six months ago," he answered gravely. "I thought you knew."

She looked at him a moment with dazed, staring eyes, her breath quickly coming and going. Then she swayed and fell senseless in his outstretched arms.

We may suffer hopelessly, dumbly, as brutes do, until if joy comes it strikes us with the force of a blow. But, happily, it seldom kills.

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MARVELS OF SLEIGHT OF HAND.

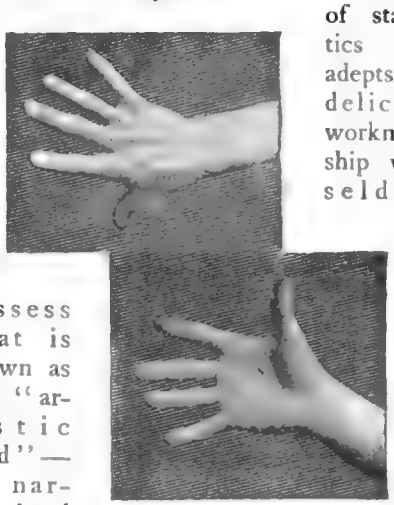
By Hector Grainger.

After a certain age it is, I suppose, right and proper to put away childish tastes and amusements, and to become manly or womanly, as the case may be—that is, to smoke a briar-root pipe and to wear a very high collar, to make flirting a fine art or to denounce the bearded sex, one and all, as double-dyed villains. Well, yes; but the child dies hard even in the most ambitious of us, and, though fully a man in years, the present writer blushes to confess that he still has a powerful penchant for pilfered lumps of sugar, unripe apples (also pilfered, which makes them sweet), circuses, and acrobat and sleight-of-hand performances. Sleight-of-hand performances especially. These I delight in, childish amusement though they are, and if you, adult reader, are quite honest, you will, I am sure, back me up when I say that they would do very nicely to fill up the pauses in a classical concert, just as a frivolous comic print is a very welcome diversion after the perusal of a weighty article in one of our serious morning papers.

To such as agree with me, the present article should be of great interest, for not only does it tell some of the secrets of one of the cleverest sleight-of-hand adepts living, but teaches also a series of tricks easy enough for any one to learn who is ambitious of becoming a social acquisition.

Our first series of illustrations are taken from the hands of M. Servais Le Roy, the celebrated illusionist and sleight-of-hand *artiste*.

Observe in the first place M. Le Roy's hands. Small, broad, short-fingered, they would seem to the uninitiated certainly not the hands for a man of M. Le Roy's calling. And yet those who have studied palmistry will tell you that this form of hand goes very often with dexterity such as M. Le Roy possesses. It is a matter of statistics that adepts in delicate workmanship very seldom possess what is known as the "artistic hand"—the narrow hand with long tapering fingers. This hand, so palmists say, is rather that of the *littérateur* and poet, and these gentlemen somehow are seldom over-dexterous in any work requiring delicate manipulation with the fingers.



THE CONJURER'S HAND.

To proceed now to the actual tricks. That with the watch and chain is perhaps M. Le Roy's best known, and, owing to the chain, one of his most difficult. The illustrations speak, I think, for themselves.

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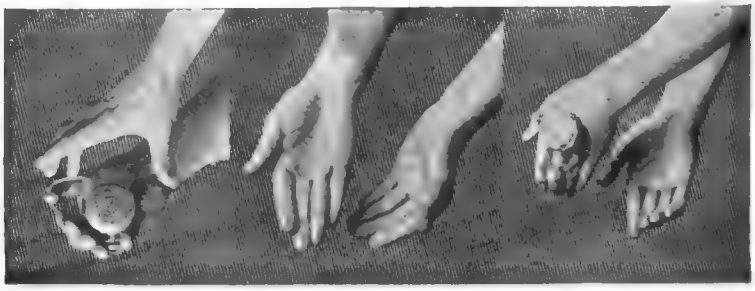
As first shown, the watch is held up to the audience, with the chain arranged in a peculiar manner among the fingers. The right hand is descending so as momentarily to conceal the left. A flash—the watch has vanished, and a pair of innocent-looking, empty hands, such as are shown in the second portion of the illustration, is all



THE VANISHING-WATCH TRICK EXPLAINED.

that the audience see. The third position clears up the mystery. The watch is reposing comfortably against the back of M. Le Roy's hand. In the second when the right hand concealed the left, the performer, with a rapid, dexterous, silent movement, brought the watch into its present position. It and the chain are supported in such a manner between the fingers that the spectators see and suspect nothing. Quite simple, is it not? But let me hasten to warn any rash individual that, when attempting this trick, he had better do it over a feather bed or with the cheapest second-hand Waterbury watch he can procure.

M. Le Roy's trick with playing-cards is absolutely startling in its effect. With his arm bared to the elbow, he holds the ordinary playing-cards in his right hand, and almost without a motion of the hand the cards are seen to vanish. Our illustration shows where the cards get to, but no illustration and no amount of explanation will adequately describe how they arrive there. No one that has not seen this wonderful feat can fully imagine its astounding effect. Such dexterity can only be termed phenomenal.

Money-finding and money-vanishing tricks have always been very popular. Who has not seen a conjurer go round the first row of the stalls and gather a rich harvest of coins from the hair and clothes of the astonished audience? This trick is common enough, and needs no comment. But M. Le Roy has a money trick of his own, which, though less sensational than his card trick, is well worthy of attention. He places nine loose half-dollar pieces on his fingers in the positions depicted in the accompanying photograph. He then waves his hand quickly, and the coins are no longer there; all the spectators see is that the fingers apparently half close and at once re-open, leaving the hand empty. What has happened, and where the coins have gone to, every one can see for himself. M. Le Roy describes this feat as one of his simplest.

HOW CARDS ARE MADE TO DISAPPEAR.

It is curious, by the way, to notice that what the photographer entirely failed to see at the time, and what M. Le Roy was himself ignorant of, is plainly revealed by the camera. One of the "vanished" coins is palpably peeping out between the tips of the first and second fingers.

Less sensational, perhaps, but really quite

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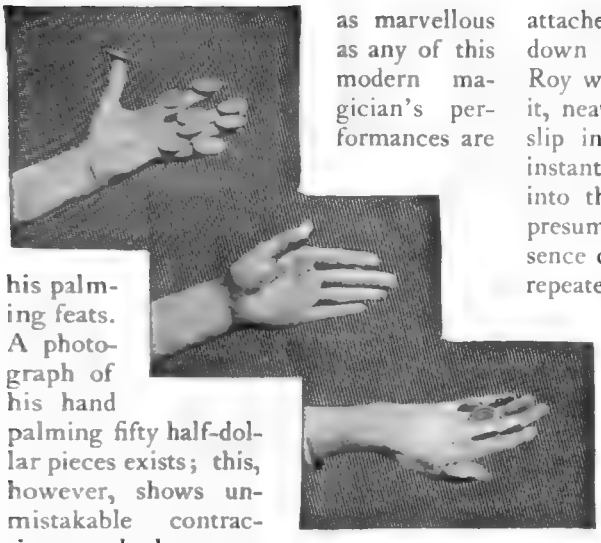


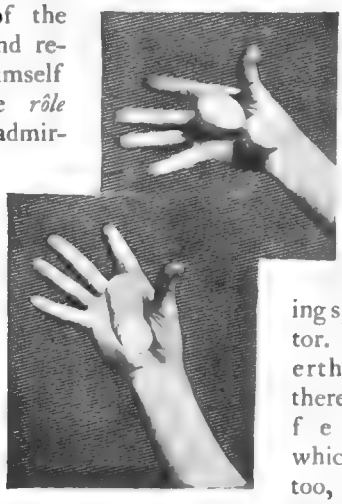
A SIMPLE TRICK WITH COINS.

as marvellous as any of this modern magician's performances are his palming feats. A photograph of his hand palming fifty half-dollar pieces exists; this, however, shows unmistakable contraction, and the great point about palming is that those looking at the back of the hand should never suspect that anything is contained within. In our photograph M. Le Roy is palming twenty half-dollar pieces, and with these firmly fixed in his hand, he can not only shuffle a pack of cards, but also write freely. Beyond this, he can produce the coins one by one at the tips of his fingers, as though for all the world they arrived there from space, thus creating the impression that catching money from nowhere is the easiest thing possible. "But alas!" adds M. Le Roy, with deep regret, "such things never really happen today, you know. For every twenty half-dollar pieces I produce, I have to spend two bright five-dollar gold pieces."

The palming of two eggs in the manner depicted is another feat which I hasten once more to warn the ambitious from attempting without having the eggs boiled very hard indeed beforehand; or, as M. Le Roy, considering the present price of eggs, suggests, "Practise the trick with your hand over a frying-pan."

M. Le Roy's billiard feat is very artful. He causes four large billiard balls to melt into thin air. But "thin air" is a most helpful assistant in tricks of this nature, especially when working together with a bent piece of wire—an apparatus technically known as "invisible wire." This is attached to the first finger, and hangs down at the back of the hand. M. Le Roy waves his hand, and, while waving it, neatly allows one of the four balls to slip into this ingenious receptacle. An instant later and the ball is rapidly passed into the palm of the left hand, which is presumed only to be pointing to the absence of the fourth ball. This process is repeated with each ball in turn, the left hand, unsuspected, carrying the balls one by one to the performer's pocket. The picture on the next page shows the back of the hand, which the audience has, of course, no glimpse of, and a ball about to forsake the cunningly laid receptacle for the left hand.

Such are a few of M. Le Roy's wonderful feats, all of them performed with the greatest ease, and a *sang froid* truly astonishing. But there is a wide gulf between the amateur and adepts such as M. Le Roy, or Mr. Leon Hermann, another *artiste* no less ingenious and daring, and renowned chiefly in this country; and the reader may as well put away from him at once any exorbitant hopes of emulating these masters of the art, and resign himself to the *rôle* of an admiring spectator. Nevertheless, there are feats which he, too, may master with a little patience, a little practice, a little dexterity; and to these we shall now turn.



PALMING EGGS AND COINS.

No form of home entertainment affords more interest and amusement than these

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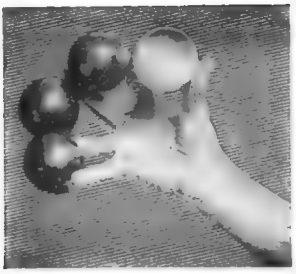


A TRICK WITH BALLS—

simple feats of legerdemain if properly performed. Especially to those who cannot sing or play any musical instrument, and yet wish to amuse their neighbors, the acquisition of a few conjuring tricks should come as a boon and a blessing. And then, contrary to popular notion, some of the very best of these sleight-of-hand tricks do not require either an elaborate apparatus or the assistance of one or more confederates, but may be successfully performed by one person alone with the commonest articles, such as are to be found in every household. Moreover, very little trouble or expense is required to make a "Magic Evening" a success, and every one will agree with me in saying that such an entertainment will be welcomed by young folk—and old ones also, as I remarked before—who tire, after a time, of the conventional round of dinners, dancing, and "Musical Evenings."

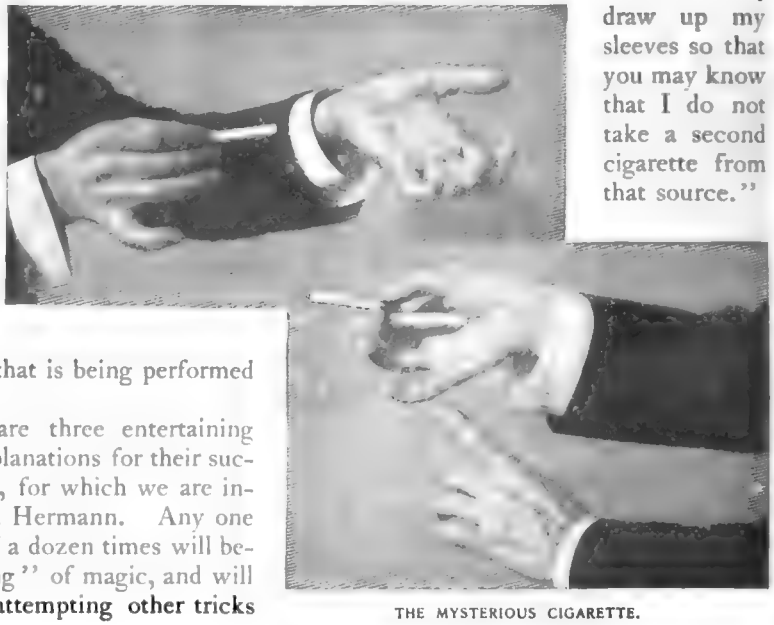
All that is required, then, is dexterity of hand and eye—not more, however, than the average person of intelligence possesses—and a little ingenious "patter," intended to mystify the audience, and suited to the feat that is being performed at the time.

The following are three entertaining tricks, with full explanations for their successful performance, for which we are indebted to Mr. Leon Hermann. Any one who tries them half a dozen times will begin to get "the hang" of magic, and will soon find himself attempting other tricks equally entertaining and mystifying.

—EXPLAINED.

The making of two cigarettes out of one is the first and, perhaps, the simplest of these feats. Take an ordinary cigarette between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and, in addition to this, a second cigarette must be held in the palm of the same hand, in such a manner that the audience shall have no suspicion of its whereabouts.

Then state your case somewhat as follows: "As you will perceive, I hold between my fingers an ordinary cigarette. My assistant will pass it round so that you may satisfy yourself that it contains no secret spring or trap-doors. Then I will place it in my right hand, mutter a few words of the Egyptian oracle, open my hand, and, lo and behold! I shall have made two cigarettes out of one. To assure you that I do not take a fresh cigarette from my pocket, I will all the while keep my arms extended full length, and will, moreover, draw up my sleeves so that you may know that I do not take a second cigarette from that source."



THE MYSTERIOUS CIGARETTE.

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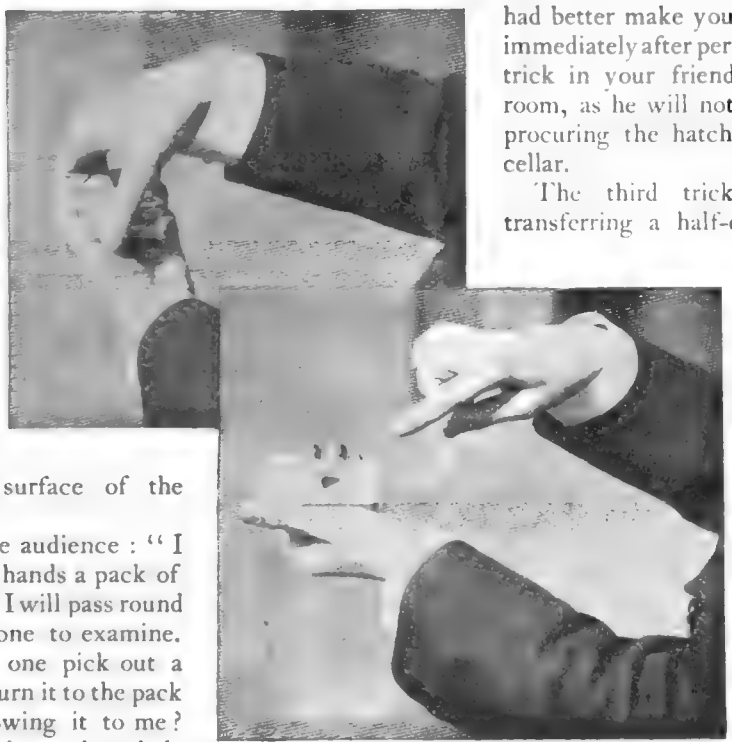
In spite of your assurances, the audience will instinctively watch your pockets and sleeves, expecting to be able to detect you deftly pulling a cigarette from either of these convenient sources. The palm of the hand is so simple a hiding-place they will never think of looking there.

The next trick needs a little more presence of mind and dexterity. It is to make a single card, picked out by the audience, stick to the ceiling when the whole pack is thrown there, while all the remaining cards fall to the ground.



MAKING A PICKED CARD ADHERE TO THE CEILING.

All you need this time is a pack of cards and a little lump of butter hidden on the under surface of the table.

Say to the audience: "I have in my hands a pack of cards which I will pass round for every one to examine. Will some one pick out a card and return it to the pack without showing it to me? I will then throw the whole pack of cards to the ceiling, and all of them will fall back again to the floor except the one which has been selected; it will remain firmly fastened to the ceiling."

The explanation is as follows: When the audience shall have selected a card, and it is being returned to the pack, mark the place with your little finger. After having called attention to the fact that there is no card on the ceiling, and the eyes of the spectators are momentarily averted, slip the card—and this needs practice—to the top of the pack. When you have been successful so far, the rest is easy enough. Run your finger secretly under the edge of the table where you have concealed the lump of butter, and, placing it on the back of the top card—which is the one the audience has selected—throw the whole pack to the ceiling, taking care to throw them so that they strike not edgewise, but surface to surface. The only objection to this trick is that butter is hardly a beautiful ornament on a whitewashed ceiling. You had better make yourself scarce immediately after performing this trick in your friend's drawing-room, as he will not be long in procuring the hatchet from the cellar.

The third trick—that of transferring a half-dollar piece from one end of the room to the other without the performer handling the coin—is rather more intricate than either of the preceding ones, and certainly more mystifying.

Your visible apparatus is an ordinary silk handkerchief, your own property, a half-dollar piece, a quarter-dollar piece, and a dotted handkerchief, the last three articles being borrowed from the audience. Your secret apparatus is another half-dollar piece sewed up, so that it will not drop out, inside the fold in one corner of your own pocket-handkerchief.

When you state your case your speech might be somewhat on the following lines: "I have here an ordinary white pocket-handkerchief. From some lady I will

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borrow a half-dollar piece, which I will place in the centre of my handkerchief, and tying it up I will give the handkerchief to the lady to hold, so that she can feel the coin as it is tied. Then from some gentleman I will borrow a dotted handkerchief and a quarter-dollar piece. I will also tie the quarter-dollar piece in his handkerchief, and give it to him to hold, so that he can feel the money tied up. Then having placed them in different parts of the room, I will ask them if they do not feel the coins tied up. They will both answer 'yes'; but I, by merely touching the lady's handkerchief, will cause the half-dollar piece to melt away, and on opening the gentleman's handkerchief both coins will be found there."

The explanation is as follows: Having drawn out your pocket-handkerchief, shake it to show that it contains no apparatus. Then borrowing the half-dollar from the lady, pretend to place it in the centre of your handkerchief, while, in reality, you simply tie up the half-dollar hidden in the sewed-up corner. When the hidden coin is tied up, hand the handkerchief to the lady, who feels and sees the shape of what she imagines to be the coin she gave you. You, however, must keep the other half-dollar in your palm until you have borrowed the dotted handkerchief and the quarter-dollar piece.

THE SECRET OF A FAMOUS COIN TRICK.

Then while pretending to be tying up the quarter-dollar piece alone in the second handkerchief, secretly slip it behind the larger coin. When both coins are tied up in the second handkerchief, hand it to some gentleman in the audience, who can see the shape of the tied-up half-dollar through the handkerchief, but does not notice the smaller coin underneath it. Then untie the first handkerchief, shake it out to show that the half-dollar has vanished, and untying the second handkerchief, lo! the two coins are found lying on the top of each other.

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By Kirby Draycott.

On an outlying spur of the Buckkeberg, overlooking the pleasant valley of the Weser, looking southeastward towards Hameln, the city of the Pied Piper, you may see to this day ruins of the once proud stronghold of Schaumburg, and of these ruins there is a portion which still rears itself high above the low, crumbling walls and the grass mounds which cover other walls that once lay about it.

Wherever you find a ruined castle—and there are many of them in this region of Germany—and you ask how it came to be such, it is twenty chances to one that they will tell you "it was in the Peasants' War," and this, as you will see, was the case with the Schaumburg.

This war was really the revolt of the serfs of Germany, and chief among their leaders was one Goetz of the Iron Hand, a captain of Freelances, as stark and cunning a scoundrel as ever disgraced gentle blood by lawless deeds. Five years before, when he was the heir of Ostenland by the Ems, he had sought the hand of Brunhild with great ardor; but her heart was already given to Conrad of Schaumburg, and, moreover, he was a man of small substance; and so, Graf Moritz, weary at length of his importunities, had told him shortly to go and seek a more fitting mate among the daughters of the traders of Hameln.

He went away after this rebuff, half mad with rage and disappointed love, and a few weeks later he hired a score of men belonging to a band of outlaws, and at their head made an attempt to carry off the heiress of Detmold by force. For this he was outlawed, and so in time he had become the chief of the Freelances, whose former captain he had slain in a duel; and now, professing great love and pity for the serfs and their sufferings, he had put himself and his men at the head of their bands in the Weser Valley, and so led them to the siege of the stronghold of Schaumburg.

This siege had lasted over eleven weeks, and there was no hope of help from the cities or from the other castles along the river. The supply of food was almost exhausted, and the wells were low after the long, dry summer. There was wine still in the cellar in plenty, but when Count Conrad thought of that, he thought also of the evil passions that it would inflame when once the castle lay open to its besiegers.

Something must be done, and that quickly, if those in Schaumburg would live, for soon, and, indeed, not many hours hence, they must do one of three things: they must fight their way with all their

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AFTER EVENING SERVICE HAD BEEN HELD IN THE CHAPEL.

women and children through the besieging hosts to Hameln ; they must starve behind their walls ; or they must surrender —and surrender meant only torture and death for all, man, woman, and child alike.

It was late in the evening of the eleventh Sunday, after evening service had been held in the chapel and the last prayers for deliverance had been offered up, that Count Conrad went into his wife's chamber to tell her the result of a council of war that had just been held, and this was the decision : that within four days they must either surrender or sally out and fight their way to Hameln.

" But, Conrad, both are impossible. You know there are half as many women and children in Schaumburg as there are men-at-arms. You would not leave them here, nor could you take them with you and defend them, as well as fight your own way through the rebels. All would be slain before you had marched two leagues, even if you broke through the lines they have drawn around the castle. As for surrender, you know what they did at Weinsberg ; you know how they made the soldiers jump from the towers and battlements on to the pikes and pitchforks below ; how they made Lord Louis of Helfenstein run between two lines of armed men till he was beaten, bleeding, to the earth."

" And no more than either can we stop here and starve. Surely a quick death would be better than that, and if not that, what else that is not worse ? We have only three days of the scantiest rations left ; the water is only mud; and good wine, though we have plenty of it, only makes starving men mad. What else, then, are we to do, sweet one ? If thou knowest, tell me, and I will do it most gladly."

The Countess Brunhild folded her hands and let them fall on her knees, and sat looking down at the rush-strewn floor in silence for some moments ; and her husband meanwhile strode to a latticed window and threw it open, and looked out over the moonlit plain that lay five hundred feet below, with the broad silver band of the river winding through it.

He stood there, busy with many thoughts, till Brunhild rose from her seat and came and laid her hands softly on his shoulders.

" Conrad," she said, turning her soft blue eyes shyly up to his, " I have thought of another way, which is neither a hopeless fight nor a yet more hopeless surrender."

" Thou hast ? " he cried, taking her

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sweet, upturned face between his hands. "Thou hast? Well, then, let me know it. If thou canst save us it will not be the first time that a woman's wit has won what man's strength and valor would have lost. What is it?"

"What if we were to take a hostage, and hold his safety against ours?"

"A hostage? How are we to take one, and who shall it be?"

"What if it were Goetz himself?"

"Goetz—here, a hostage in the castle? Nay, dearest, thou art dreaming a thing that is impossible, though I would give ten thousand crowns to have him here before morning, for without him the Freelances would go away plundering some richer place than this, and the serfs, without a leader, would scatter before us like sheep. It would be the saving of us all. But how? How? Nay, I fear that is impossible, dearest."

"Not impossible," she said, "though not to be done lightly or without risk."

"But how—how?" he asked again, somewhat impatiently.

"By me, and this way," she said, smiling and raising her finger to stop the protest that she saw rising to his lips. "Now listen and be patient, for I will not be long.

"Thou knowest why Goetz is here laying siege to poor Schaumburg instead of leading his men against the rich towns where they could gorge themselves with plunder. It is because I am here, because he would revenge himself upon thee, and force me to watch thy death as Jacklein Rohsbacker made Count Louis' wife look on while he was hewn to pieces. That is why he has wasted all these weeks before our walls, for I have it on certain information that he has sworn that he will either take me from thee alive or give my dead body and thine to the wolves."

"By the Mass, I would not leave much of him for the wolves if I had him once within these walls," Count Conrad growled between his clenched teeth. "But how? But how?"

"Why should not the bait that had brought him thus far bring him farther?" she whispered, dropping her eyes again.

"What," he said, taking her by the arms and putting her a little away from him, "wouldst thou, my countess and my wife, give thyself as bait, as thou sayest, to entice this knave into the trap?

"THIS WAY," SHE SAID, RAISING HER FINGER.

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Wouldst thou, Brunhild, stoop to such a deed?"

"I may stoop and I may fall," she replied, looking up at him bravely, "but I am only one, and there are many here to be saved, and among them thou and our little Moritz. The risk is great, but so is the gain, and by any other way there is not even risk or chance, only certainty of death and ruin for all of us."

"But in this, even if it were possible, there is the greater chance for sacrifice for thee."

"Nay, not greater, Conrad, for no chance can equal that which is certain. We cannot stay here to starve, we cannot escape; and to surrender without a hostage is as certain sacrifice for me as it is for thee and all the others."

So Conrad and his wife talked far into the night—she pleading for permission to do the daring deed that might save all in Schaumburg, and he seeking, as he thought, for her own sake, to find reasons why she should not do it. But in the end she conquered, as woman ever does in such matters, and by the time the sentries on the walls called the hour of sunrise, the scheme was ready to pass from thought into action.

II.

All the next day the countess was maturing her plans, and her lord, the count, was shaping his, for, now that he had consented to the attempt being made, he was determined that if it succeeded, he would give Goetz of the Iron Hand such a lesson as he and those like him would remember for some time to come. To this end he consulted for several hours, not only with his captains and lieutenants of the garrison, but also with old Max Schieferl, his major-domo, and Rolf Goberl, the armorer, with results that shall be set out shortly.

That evening, soon after dusk, an arrow was shot from the angle of the walls which approached most nearly to the camp of the Freelances, and so strongly was the bow drawn, and so well was the arrow aimed, that it fell only a few yards in front of the tent of bullock hides above which flew the standard of Goetz of the Iron Hand. There was a sheet of rice paper wrapped tightly round the shaft, and as there was writing on the outside of this, the man who found it took it to his captain's tent.

There, Goetz of the Iron Hand, a tall, stalwart man, yet well under forty, black of hair, and brown and ruddy and strong of face as well as of figure, unbound it and read it. At first he could not believe his eyes, for it seemed impossible that she, who had scorned him five years ago for love of another man, and who since then had been Countess of Schaumburg, and had ruled the country-side like a queen, should now write such words to him.

She had ceased to love her husband; that was possible considering the years that had passed. He was starving her in Schaumburg; that was probable, since it was most likely that all were starving. She wished to be taken away and be in safety before the wrath of the revolted serfs was let loose on Schaumburg, as it had been on other places; that, too, was only natural. She had heard of the fame that he had won as the champion of the oppressed, and repented of the choice she had made; that, too, was natural. But —well, after all, what did "buts" matter? Did he not love her still, not only with the old love, but with an added fierceness and passion born of the desire of revenge? What would he not give to have her completely in his power if only for a day, and to know that Conrad, his successful rival, was powerless to help her?

Yet there were risks. There might be treachery. She told him, in as shameless a letter as was ever written by an honest hand or brought blushes to a pure cheek, that for an hour after dark for three nights she would wait for him at a certain clump of trees some hundred paces from the little tower at the end of the wall running up the mountain on the western side. But, if he would show his trust in her, he must come alone with two horses. If he brought any of his men, the sentries would be alarmed, for, saving the clump of trees, the ground was open and they would be seen.

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The first night he went within a short bowshot of the trees. A white figure appeared among them and seemed to beckon to him. The next night he went nearer, but took a dozen of his men with him, and crawled over the open ground, lying as close to it as they might. Again the white figure appeared, but when they had surrounded the trees to search, it had gone, and Goetz found a piece of paper pinned to a tree, and on it were the words :

"If thou wouldst have what thou comest to seek thou must come alone. I cannot trust him who does not trust me."

A GRIP OF IRON CLOSED ROUND HIS THROAT.

So the next night Goetz, his passion raised to fever heat by this tantalizing, took his fate in his hands and went alone. His horses he left with one of his troopers on the edge of the wood beyond the clear ground. He entered the little copse with high-beating heart, for in the dimness of the starlight he saw the white figure standing in the shadows. He sprang towards it with a low cry of hungry longing.

"Brunhild! Brunhild! At last I have thee!"

The figure opened its arms to receive him. He opened his to clasp it to him, and the next moment a grip of iron closed round his neck, something rose from the earth and clasped his knees, the grip on his throat choked back his cry for help, ropes wound round his limbs like living snakes, a gag was thrust into his mouth and a bandage bound round his eyes. He struggled wildly for a moment or so, and then he heard an oath, and with that there fell a blow on his head, and for a time the rest was darkness and silence. He had a dim idea of being carried down into the earth and along a passage, and then up again, and then his senses left him.

When he came to himself he was lying on a straw-covered pallet in a dark room, whose air he had to breathe but once to know that it was a dungeon. In the morning, when the grated window was just showing gray in the darkness, four men-at-arms came and took him up without a word, and carried him to the great hall where Count Conrad and his countess were sitting on the dais. He looked upon her beauty as a shackled tiger might look upon a fawn, but he said nothing, for his heart was too full of rage for speech. Then Count Conrad said good-humoredly: "Friend Goetz, look not so fiercely. Thou art not the first of thy kind that has fallen into a woman's lure. That thou art here is only punishment for thinking that the wife of Conrad of Schaumburg could have been what it would seem thou hast taken her for, but more than this no harm is meant thee, save what may come from thine own people. Now, tell me, what is the name of thy second in command, for it is necessary that I should send a message to him."

"He is Diedrich of Altenau," replied

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Goetz of the Iron Hand with a growl, thinking, and in some measure rightly, that it was a question of ransom, which was not unwelcome to him, for he had no fancy for having the flesh torn off his bones with hot pincers or being skinned alive on the battlements in front of his men, as he himself had done to other poor wretches many a time before this.

"That is enough," said Count Conrad, shortly. "Now, take him away and give him meat and drink, for he hath a somewhat long fast before him, and when he hath enough, take him to the clock tower and do what is needful." So Goetz was carried away, wondering at his treatment and trying to think what might befall him in the clock tower; yet never were a man's thoughts farther from the reality than his were.

When he had gone, Count Conrad said to his wife:

"Now everything is ready, save one thing. Is there any within the castle who will give himself for the rest, and stand in the clock chamber to strike off the fan should the rebels not keep the terms, if they accept them?"

Then old Max Schieferl came forward, bowing, and said:

"Lord, let it be me. I have lived under the protection of thy house in ease and comfort, I have neither wife nor child, and not many more years to live; let me do this small service in payment for all that I have had from thee and thy father."

After this many others came forward begging for the honor of taking so glorious a post, and, if needs be, dying at it; but old Max stood firm, and in the end, after many tears from the countess and her women, and some from Count Conrad himself, he had his way.

When the sun rose and his first beams fell on the great clock face in the tower that rose high above the eastern wall of the burg, the Freelances and the rebels below saw a strange sight. Some of Goetz's men had been anxiously seeking their leader all night, and now they had found him, for his head, with its long black hair cropped short about the neck, its brown face, seeming now to turn gray, and its black eyes staring out as though a rope were tightening round his neck, had been thrust through a hole in the clock face at the lower edge of the figure twelve.

The hands of the clock had gone, and in their place there had been bolted two bright blades, which gleamed and glittered in the sunbeams, but the order of them was reversed, for the longer was now the hour and the shorter the minute hand, and it was plain to see that this latter, at each hourly revolution, would just scratch the throat of Goetz with its point. But the long hour hand, which was now pointing to the five, would, after seven hours, strike his neck and be driven by the engine within the clock through flesh and bone until the head dropped into the moat beneath.

As the great bell boomed out five strokes, a mounted man-at-arms rode over the quickly lowered drawbridge and under the raised portcullis, bearing a letter to Diedrich of Altenau, and in this letter Count Conrad said briefly:

> You have seen how your leader looks down on you from his high place. We here will march out in an hour's time on the way to Hameln, taking only our arms with us. The rest we'll leave for you till we come again to take account of it. But one of us remains behind. If none of you enter the castle till the last stroke of twelve, the clock will stop that moment, and you can go in and release your leader and do what you will with the castle and all that there is in it; but if one man crosses the drawbridge before then, or if any seek to hinder us on our way, he who remains behind will break the governing fan of the clock, and then you shall see the blades fly round swiftly, and the head of Goetz shall be in the moat before you can save him; and even if that should fail, he who is left will drive a dagger into his heart. Let your answer come back within an hour.
>
> CONRAD OF SCHAUMBURG.

Under this was written in Goetz's own hand:

> Let the people go and save me. The plunder of the castle will be rich enough for us. What do we want with their lives? See that the serfs do not kill any, for if they do, I shall surely die, and you will be—as I shall—a body without a head.

Diedrich called some of his fellows about him and explained this letter to them, and as the Freelances, unlike the

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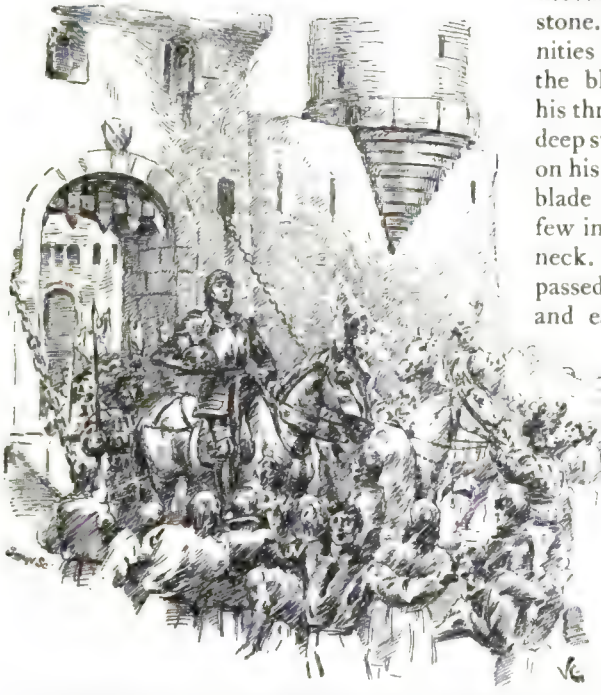
serfs, fought for plunder rather than revenge, it was agreed that the terms should be granted. So the messenger took back the answer, and half an hour later the drawbridge fell and the portcullis went up, and the garrison of Schaumburg, with Count Conrad at its head and with his countess by his side, came forth in two lines of horse and foot, with the women and children between them.

When the serfs saw them, they raised loud cries of rage, and were for falling upon them and making an end of them at once. But the Freelances rode along their front and beat them back; and the men of the garrison, horse and foot, laughed as they saw this, for they knew that without the Freelances the half-armed peasants could do nothing against them.



THE GARRISON, WITH COUNT CONRAD AT ITS HEAD, CAME FORTH.

The road to Hameln lay along the river bank to the eastward, and from his window in the clock face Goetz of the Iron Hand could watch the long procession winding slowly round the hill-spurs and in and out of the forest patches, on its slow way towards the distant towers of Hameln. He could also look down and see his own men and the serf bands gradually drawing in closer, waiting for the hour of plunder to strike. He could see that there was constant strife among them, and that his own men were beating the serfs back and being in turn thrust forward by them.

Meanwhile the great clock ticked on with its iron monotony. He saw the short hand on the great face climb up towards him; then he lost sight of the end, and he felt its point cutting slowly into the skin of his neck over his windpipe. Then, just above him, seven strokes of the great bell boomed out, striking his deafened ears like the very note of doom.

The sun rose higher, and fell hotter and hotter on his face and head. He struggled with the bonds that held him tight between the machinery and the clock face, but in vain. He screamed hoarsely for water, but old Max stood, hammer in hand, immovable as a figure of stone. Sixty more eternities passed, and again the blade-point tickled his throat, and again the deep strokes crashed upon his ears, and the long blade crept upwards a few inches nearer to his neck. Another hour passed, and another, and each time the cut of the blade-point and the crash of the bell roused him from the stupor into which he was falling. The long blade creeping on like the finger of Fate was very near now, and the fear of death overcame his weariness and even the agony in his head, and he began to think again. Would his men be able to keep the serfs back till the appointed time? He could hear them shouting and cursing below him still. If they couldn't, the old man, whom he could not see, but whom he knew was standing so near to him, would break the governing fan, the wheels of the clock would fly round, and a few minutes later the razor-edged blade would be buried in his neck.

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Or would Diedrich keep faith with him? What if he should not delay the entry into the castle? What if he should kill Max and let the clock go on? The clock struck eleven, and it seemed as though he had been standing there as many years as there had been strokes on the bell. Every act of his life had passed before him again and again.

He had lived twenty lifetimes since the clock had struck six. He was nearly blind now, and the long line of the garrison on its way had passed beyond his vision. By this time it would be safe under the walls of Hameln; perhaps even now Count Conrad and Brunhild were feasting in the castle with the lord and lady of Hameln. What were Diedrich and his men doing? Had they kept the serfs back? Would twelve o'clock never come and end the torture of this suspense one way or the other?

Yes; the long blade was getting very near now, and his instinct made him bend his head and neck away as far as the hole would let him. But still the clock ticked on, and he could hear the creak of the centre shaft as it turned and brought the blade nearer still.

Old Max stood steadfast at his post, waiting for the last stroke of twelve to stop the clock, as his master had bidden him, and then to meet such fate as might await him. He watched the striking lever rise, and knew that the first stroke of twelve was about to sound. He saw the body of Goetz writhe feebly in its bonds.

One—two—three—four—five—six—. He put down his hammer and took up the iron bar that he was to thrust into the wheel at the twelfth stroke.

Seven—eight—nine—ten—. A head appeared at the top of the ladder leading to the belfry, and then a hand with a pistol in it. It was the hand of Diedrich of Altenau. Eleven—. There was a flash, a bang, and a cloud of smoke, and old Max dropped the bar and pitched forward, and fell in a heap just as the twelfth stroke sounded. There was a hoarse scream, hardly human in sound, from the outside, and the wheels of the clock ground on, ticking out the last seconds of the life of Goetz of the Iron Hand.

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THE CHILD-WIVES OF INDIA.

By D. L. Woolmer.

A CERTAIN glamour hovers about the idea of a child-wife. The immortal Dora of Charles Dickens's creation was richly endowed with fascinating failings, derelictions of duty absolved as often as they occurred. If she should forget her husband's dinner, a playful pencil mark on his nose was sufficient to atone for it. Brilliant imagination may also cast a glamour over the millions of child-wives in India. It can even shed a glow of sentiment and pensive beauty on the 174,532 widows under fifteen years of age. But L'Allegro and Il Penseroso are not personified among the Hindus. A young wife invited to

"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,"

would probably hide her embarrassed face in her *sari*. An infant widow advised to hail to cherub Contemplation and the pleasures of Melancholy might patiently prepare for an addition to the burden of penance that weighs down her aching shoulders.

Among the 280,000,000 in India every form of conjugal relation will be found, from the grossest polygamy and polyandry to the highest and most rational form of monogamy. The variety in wedding ceremonies indicates what may follow by domestic bliss or otherwise. The Brahmin wife, for instance, is bound for life by numerous symbolic rites, whilst a bridegroom belonging to some of the romantic hills simply stuns his bride by a club and drags her to his hut. The Hons drink beer together, and the Kariahs of Central India are indissolubly united by the act of throwing a pot of water over each other.

The most advanced and enlightened, as well as the most degraded, regard early marriage as the rule. The distinguished secretaries of the Parsee Law Association made a written statement that: "Among our people the custom of infant marriages is far too common for the common good." With the orthodox Hindus of Bengal the custom is not only common, but universal. Their ancestors and their creed sprang up in North India, and in the valley where their adored Mother Ganges wanders for 1,550 miles they hold most tenaciously to the time-honored rites and customs. There the infant girls are earliest granted that one sacrament of marriage which alone entitles them to spiritual blessings. There the widows are the most rigid in the performance, and their relations in the exaction, of expiatory penance for sins committed in a former state of existence—sins which, they are told, have caused the gods to smite their husbands, so that they themselves are guilty of murder and under a curse.

The last census discovered that the married ladies of India under nine years old numbered between two and three millions,

TWO LITTLE WIVES AT SCHOOL IN NORTH INDIA. ABOUT EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OLD.

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A TYPICAL YOUNG HINDU WIFE OF NORTH INDIA, AGE FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN, IN RECEPTION ATTIRE.

and the matrons, aged from ten to fourteen, between five and six millions.

The conditions of family life and the religious conceptions of a father's responsibility differ widely from our own ideas. It is about twelve years since the Hindu lady, Rukmabai, through her lawsuit and letters to the *Times of India*, brought the question of Indian marriage laws before the public of Great Britain and America. She had reached the mature age of eleven when she was married, but continued to live in her parents' house. Her relations belonged to an advanced section of the community, and they gave her the same advantages of education as an American girl of a corresponding class would enjoy. She had grown into a highly cultivated and refined lady when a coolie—ignorant, consumptive, and without a character—claimed her as his blushing bride.

His claim was legal according to Hindu law, and he appealed to English judges to enforce it. Rukmabai was resolved to resist. After wearisome suits, the court saw no option save to pass an order that she should join her husband within a month. Should she fail to do so, she would be liable to six months' imprisonment. The case closed by a compromise. The lady agreed to pay 2,000 rupees, and the plaintiff undertook to make no attempt to execute the decree of the lower court against her. The lady gained a moral and her husband a legal victory.

When England assumed the government of India, it gave emphatic pledges not to interfere with the religious beliefs and domestic usages of the country. The rulers soon came face to face with a great difficulty. Religion and custom obliged a Hindu father to secure for his daughter the protection of a husband before she reached womanhood, and this involved practices which Englishmen objected to sanction. The male population had been decreased by war, so to avoid the disgrace of girls growing up singly, large numbers were destroyed at their birth.

MARRIED LADIES OF MADRAS PRESIDENCY, THE ELDEST ABOUT EIGHT. DRESSED IN THEIR BEST TO GREET THE COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

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A YOUNG HINDU WIFE, NOT MORE THAN TWELVE, OUT OF HER ELEMENT.

In order to assure marriage to every girl, the re-marriage of widows was prohibited, and they were as a rule burned alive at the funeral pyre with their husbands' dead bodies. The British Government decided that it was a supreme duty to protect life. Infanticide was decreed to be murder, and the conducting or abetting of widow-burning, culpable homicide.

Long after 1829, the year that Lord William Bentick prohibited the rite of *suttee*, the laws were frequently evaded. The remark of the Hindu lady, Rukmabai, "The English have abolished *suttee*, but neither the English nor the angels know what goes on in our homes," discloses a world of misery hidden behind the *purdah*.

A Hindu gentleman's house generally consists of three parts: the *mardana*, or men's apartments; the *zenana*, or women's apartments, and the servants' apartments. To this is often added a place of worship. The rooms are built round a courtyard, and the *zenana* is given the place of security farthest away from the street. It is possible for a little girl to enter the world already provisionally given in marriage. A zealous Hindu father will lose no time in seeing that his infant daughter bears the marriage mark. Marriage contracts are usually made through the barbers. First the horoscope must be consulted. If the tutelary planet decrees long life to the infant, a husband must be chosen whose planet promises a still longer enjoyment of this world, for she must not be a widow.

After the first ceremony, during which her hair is parted and a line of scarlet painted on her forehead, she is regarded as irrevocably married, once and for all. Should the boy or man who has been chosen for her die, she is a widow forever, whether she has seen him or not.

The Indian marriage market admits of

A REBELLIOUS WIFE. A GIRL OF FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN DISCOVERED BY SOME LADIES TIED, AFTER HAVING BEEN BEATEN WITH A TABLE LEG.

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A YOUNG WIFE OF NORTH INDIA. AN UNWONTED EXPERIENCE FOR A WIFE OF TWELVE OR FOURTEEN. IS THE CAMERA THE EVIL-EYE?

complicated speculations. The heavy cost to the bride's father has often brought him into the clutches of the money lender, and has been the temptation to infanticide when several girls have made their unwelcome appearance in the *zenana*.

An old and unchivalrous joke, "the bride is given away, and the bridegroom is very often sold," is literally true in the greater number of Hindu marriages. A few years ago a complaint from Bengal reached England. The educational system for boys was raising the price of bridegrooms to an alarming extent. A boy who had passed his entrance examination at college was rated at 300 rupees, whilst those who had taken degrees were fetching fancy prices as prospective sons-in-law.

This was very serious. Girls *must* be married. When every other device fails, in some castes, a young maiden is solemnly married to an ashwatta tree, the so-called *ficus religiosa*. This fate is by no means so hard as the sale of the bride. A Hindu's creed teaches him that his future salvation depends on the rites at his funeral pyre being conducted by his son or his grandson, so if he is childless, and had few advantages, he feels that a wife is worth paying for. A healthy little girl may discover when the transaction is complete that she is the wife of a leper, or has become one of an old Brahmin priest's numerous wives. In either case the awful curse of widowhood is imminent.

The *Times of India*, of March 28, 1891, quoted a case of child-marriage speculation. Surbessur Pal, of Alipore, felt himself an ill-used man. He bought a wife of eight or nine years old. Her father agreed to take 101 rupees for her, and received a deposit of ten rupees. Another suitor offered her father 300 rupees for her. This offer was accepted also, and the preliminary marriage ceremony completed. Surbessur would not see his rights set aside, and he managed to run away with his child-wife. Her father charged him with kidnapping, and, though the prosecution fell through for want of

THE WIFE OF THE HINDU PRIEST OF A MAHARAJAH.

She was married when between four and five years of age, and was sent immediately to the *zenana* of the bridegroom. She escaped and became a Christian. This photo was taken when she was sixteen.

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evidence, he obtained possession of his daughter. Not long after, this enterprising man effected a third bargain and consigned his little girl to a new husband. Surbessur charged this bridegroom with committing bigamy, and the Brahmin priest with aiding and abetting the offence.

There is little doubt that with the majority of Hindus matrimony is only a matter of business, arranged by the *chataks*, or brokers. As for the girl, who is transferred, as any other household chattel, from one guardian to another, she generally quietly acquiesces in the custom that her mother and grandmother have practised and approved. Usually between the first and second ceremony she is sent on a visit to her future mother-in-law, and then, before she can possibly know the meaning of the word marriage or wife, the great day which makes one of the few breaks in the monotony of life in a *zenana* arrives, and she finds herself an ephemeral queen. She is arrayed in all the jewelry that her limbs can carry—and sometimes more, for weight makes it impossible for her to stand up—and rites, more or less elaborate, and varying according to the orthodoxy and district, ratify the bonds which are already recognized by law.

The appearance of a white woman in an orthodox *zenana* is sometimes alarming. What makes her such a strange, ghostly color? She comes from England, she explains; she has crossed the sea in a ship. What is a ship? She finds that she is talking far above their heads. What is that in her hand? It is a flower. They have never seen one, and proceed to pick it to pieces to find out how it is made. She has an ordinary little doll in her pocket. They cry out for this marvel. "Give it me," says one. "Let me have it for a little while, only just to see if it will grow." "Give it to me and I will give you my baby instead," says another persuasively.

The poor baby! It might echo that

FIVE GIRLS OF SUDRA CASTE, OF TRAVANCORE, DISTINGUISHED BY THEIR KNOTS OF HAIR. THE SIXTH, A NATIVE CHRISTIAN.

In the enlightened native state of Travancore *zenanas* are unknown. Brahmin girls of six or seven years old are frequently married to men of mature age. It is a complaint that the most intelligent and attractive Sudra girls are often taken from school to be temporary wives of the Brahmins, to be cast off when the lawful wives are twelve or fourteen. These girls are between eleven and fourteen.

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cry when handled by a young mother who is more fit to play with a toy. But the child is a title of honor, especially if it is a son. From the day of its birth, the wife is called the "mother of Jehanghir, or of Shushilla," or whatever the name of her offspring may be, and she is treated with respect. If she should fail to bring her husband an heir, she will probably be superseded and neglected. A Hindu who has sons is usually content with one wife, unless he is a Brahmin priest, who may divide his favors among a hundred, and live at the expense of his numerous fathers-in-law.

The cries that resound in these *zenanas* are never more sad and terrible than when death carries away an only son. His mother in her anguish bids farewell to hope and favor. A lady, visiting a Mohammedan *zenana* in Calcutta, found a young girl in abandonment of grief. In the dirge-like way in which a native woman wails out her sorrow, she repeated again and again such refrains as, "My lap is empty now. My little one, where has it gone? I promised and vowed to sacrifice a cow. I prayed in every one's name, even Christ's, but neither He, nor Mahomet, nor Ali, nor Bibi Fatima heard my prayer."

It is not uncommon for women to cry till they are blind under such circumstances.

The lot of a child-wife, even under the most severe of mothers-in-law, is happy compared with that of a child-widow. Some Hindu women lament the abolition of *suttee*. The short, though sharp, suffering was honorable, and it was a means of blessing to themselves and their husband. The alternatives are a life of penance or shame. A widow must never eat more than one meal a day, and that of coarse food; she must fast for twenty-four hours every month, or in the religious district of Krishnagur every eleventh day, and then no crumb must pass her lips, and if she desires merit, no drop of water.

She must not sleep on a bedstead lest this indulgence should cause her husband to fall from a realm of joy; and her shadow must not cross any festivity, lest it bring ill-luck.

Is it any wonder, that when a girl's dead body is found in a well, her friends' inquest is quickly concluded with the verdict, "only a widow." Supposing she should enter a new existence as a rat or a chicken, her condition could hardly be worse; she might, indeed, be worshipped in this new form, and, possibly—who can tell?—she might attain the height of a virtuous woman's ambition for another life, and be born again as a cow. A cow is worth ten women, as every Hindu schoolboy knows.

But in India generations succeed one another quickly, and new ideas from the West flow into the ports and travel inland with railways and the electric telegraph. There are, in great cities, signs of reaction against child-marriage and child-widowhood; but in the interior, customs, especially within the *zenanas*, are probably the same as they were on the day that Queen Victoria ascended the throne.

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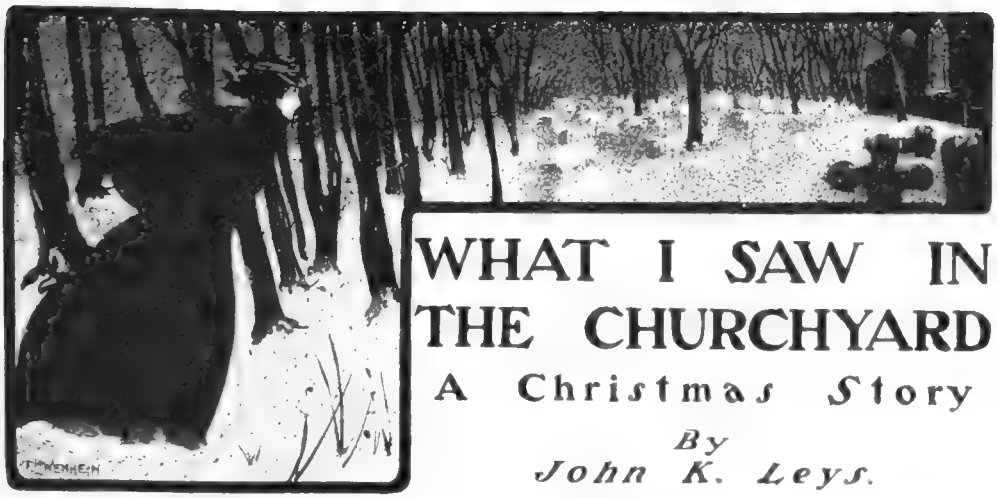

WHAT I SAW IN THE CHURCHYARD

A Christmas Story

By
John K. Leys.

CHAPTER I.

WHY I LEFT NEW YORK.

"COME to me, Mary, as soon as you possibly can. My position here is very strange. I am alone, and need your help greatly. Come to-night if possible. Old Gable House, Tranmere. Nearest station, East Tranmere. Don't fail me. Lily Haldane."

I sat with this telegram open before me in my fireless room. If I had not had occasion to run up to my lodgings in the middle of the day—a thing I very seldom did—I should not have got the message in time to go into the country that day.

I scarcely knew whether to be glad or to be sorry that I had not missed it; for although I was ready enough to go anywhere for Lily, I did want to be in New York over Christmas day. Tom had been at sea since February, but he had promised to be back on Christmas eve. And this was Christmas eve! I had been counting the days for months; and it *was* hard to be called away just on Christmas eve! To be sure, I scarcely expected that Tom would be able to keep tryst with me; for his last letter had been very short and hurried, and he had not spoken of sailing for home. Only if by some miracle he did turn up, how sadly disappointed he would be to find me gone! What a dismal Christmas day it would be for both of us!

Still, I did not like to refuse Lily. For twelve months she had been my special chum and room-mate, and for girls working for their own living in the whirlpool of New York life that means a great deal. I could hardly think that she was in any real danger; but she was evidently unhappy, and needed me, and I could not bear the idea of disappointing her. There was nothing for it but to go.

Springing from my chair, I hunted up a time-table, and found that by making all the haste I possibly could, I might just catch the 2:10 train. I put the telegram into an envelope, and directed it to Tom Halliford, as the best and quickest means of explaining my absence, in the unlikely event of his turning up next day. I crammed a few clothes into my trunk, and put one or two necessaries into a handbag. Hailing a passing hansom, my slender belongings and I were soon on the way to the station. Leaving my letter to Tom with the landlady—I was off.

I stopped at a baker's and bought a few sandwiches to eat on the way. I would have missed the train had it not been Christmas eve. There were crowds of passengers, heaps of baggage, and consequently many delays. I got a seat in a car that was all but full. It was no time to choose one's seat with any niceness.

Sitting next to me was a young man who, at first sight, aroused in my maiden breast the sentiment of intense dislike.

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He was, I think, the very fattest man, young or old, I ever beheld; and though a stout, middle-aged, elderly man is tolerable, a stout young man is my peculiar abhorrence. Not only was this young man very stout, but he had a gross, self-satisfied air that was highly objectionable. To crown his disagreeable qualities, this young man seemed to think he had a right to use his eyes—they were half lost in his fleshy face—as much as he chose. He kept staring at me in the most offensive way for the greater part of an hour.

Presently a man came round examining our tickets, and when he saw mine he called out to me, "Change at X—— for East Tranmere."

To my intense annoyance the stout young man said to me with a patronizing, protecting air:

"I'll look after you, miss. I'm going to that part of the country myself."

I could not say that his manner was uncivil, and the offer was one that, coming from any one else, I would have been grateful for; but it was an effort even to give him a cold word of thanks. I may as well say a word now about Lily Haldane.

She was a motherless girl, whom I first met in the waiting-room of a New York newspaper office. We took a liking to one another at first sight, and meeting again a few days later, an acquaintance had been struck up between us which soon ripened into friendship. She told me that after leaving school she had lived quietly, if not happily, at the Old Gable House, with her father, who was a miller and grain merchant, in rather a large way of business. Her father, I gathered, was not very affectionate, but was not positively unkind to her.

At the end of the year, a certain Uncle Richard made his appearance at the Old Gable House; and then Lily's troubles began.

This Uncle Richard was her father's brother, and had at one time been in partnership with him. They had quarrelled years before, and Richard Haldane had gone to England. He had now come back with very little money, and accompanied by a grown-up son. The two seemed to think they had a natural right to quarter themselves upon their relatives as long as it suited their convenience, and they settled down, as much at their ease as though they had bought the place.

Lily would have had no special objections to their presence had it not been for two things—Edward Haldane, Lily's father, seemed to be falling more and more every day under the influence of his brother, Richard, who, for his own ends, used to pander to his brother's weaknesses, especially his miserly love of gold. This was bad enough; but it became much worse when Sam Haldane, Uncle Richard's son, began to make love to Lily in such a way that she could not escape his attentions. She at last threatened to complain to her father, and did so; but he was so besotted with his money-grubbing, and so completely under the influence of his brother, that he merely laughed at her, told her that Sam was a good-looking fellow, and would make her a great deal better husband than any fine city chap would do. The end of it was that, after some months of misery, Lily left home and came to New York. She had a ready pen, and after the usual struggle managed to get enough work to support herself. She wrote to her father regularly, but never had so much as a line from him in reply.

On the 20th of December I noticed an advertisement addressed to "Lily H." in a morning paper. It had been inserted by a lawyer who lived at X——, who had often done business for Mr. Haldane. He did not know Lily's address, and had been forced to take that way of informing her that her father was dead, and that in his opinion she ought to go home without delay. She started at once; and this telegram was the first news I had from her since she left New York.

At X—— I had to change for the small branch line that ran down to East Tranmere.

I managed to escape from the attentions of my objectionable fellow-passenger on the platform; but he found me out after I had entered the local train, and coolly selected

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a seat beside me. It was impossible to avoid him.

The train had scarcely started, when he tried to enter into conversation with me, saying that he, like myself, was going to Tranmere, and that he would be happy to guide me to the house to which I was going.

I thanked him, and said that I would not trouble him, as my friends would be sure to send to meet me.

To my dismay, however, when I reached the dismal, rain-sodden platform that formed the station at East Tranmere, I saw no sign of any messenger, and the inquiries I made of the solitary official resulted in nothing.

All he could tell me was that the Old Gable House was more than three miles off, and that it was impossible for him to spare the time to show me the way, as his mate was "taken bad," and he could not leave the station. There was no conveyance of any kind to be had; all I could do was to listen carefully to the directions given me, and set out at once.

CHAPTER II.

IN TRANMERE CHURCHYARD.

THE night was intensely dark; it was just possible to see the fences on either side of the narrow lane. It did not rain, and for that I was thankful; but at intervals there were showers of sleet or snow that melted, in spite of the cold, as soon as it fell.

As I struggled on, the wind rose, and whistled through the leafless trees with a constant wailing dirge that bred in me all sorts of mournful, melancholy thoughts. Not once did I meet a soul—everybody was at home preparing for Christmas. I did not even come to a roadside cottage.

As I went on the lane became narrower, till it was little more than a bridle path; and when I had walked for perhaps half an hour, I came to a place where the road forked. I had not been told of this. Which path was I to take? There was no sign-post, and it was far too dark for me to have read the lettering on it if there had been one. Seeing that it was a mere matter of chance, I kept to the right. And from that moment I felt as if I had lost my way.

Whether I had or not, it seemed to me that the way was quickly losing itself. The fences dwindled and disappeared. I was on an open stretch of waste-land, over which the wind came screaming in angry gusts. And now, to my horror, the snow began to fall. The whirling snowflakes bewildered me, and settling on my neck and hair—for it was impossible to keep an umbrella up—added to my wretchedness.

Before long something big, some building, loomed before me out of the darkness. But it was not a farmhouse; it was a church. A few more steps brought me to the churchyard fence. There was a stile, and the path seemed to lead through the churchyard. I thought I had better follow the path, because, I said to myself, the path must lead *somewhere*; I have only to stick to it, and it is sure to bring me to a house. Then, if they can't take me in for the night, I will at least be able to ask my way.

The churchyard was a very old one. It was so full of graves and tombstones that I stumbled over them continually as I made my way slowly to the church porch. I knew that I would find a good path leading from the porch.

Suddenly a gleam of light shone in the windows of the church. It darted this way and that once—twice—shone steadily for a few seconds, and then disappeared.

The thing was so sudden, so mysterious, so noiseless, that for a moment or two I shook with fright. I could do nothing but stand still and look, waiting for the light to reappear. But it did not.

"How silly I am!" I said to myself. "It is the sexton with a lantern. Most likely he is cleaning up the church for the Christmas services. I will go and see if the church door is open."

I went up to the porch, but the church door was fast, and the windows showed no gleam of light. The only way I could account for the light I had seen was that it must have been displayed on the other side of the church, shining through the windows on both sides of the nave. Ac-

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cordingly I made my way round the tower, and reached the other side. But all was in darkness. I called out, "Is anybody there?" and the next moment I all but tumbled over the edge of what looked like a deep pit, close to the wall of the church. I just saved myself by clinging to part of an iron railing. The rest of it had apparently been broken away, or had been removed.

Soon I made out a flight of steps, and at the bottom of them a dark, cavernous kind of place, leading, I supposed, to some place of burial. As I peered over the edge into the thick darkness below, a slight sound—the metallic ring of iron striking upon stone, but very subdued and faint—seemed to come from the vault below me. I called out again, "Is anybody there?" but receiving no answer, I determined that I had done all in the way of investigation that self-respect required, and that I was at liberty to make my way out of the churchyard as soon as I pleased.

I turned about, and coming to a broad path I ran down it at my top speed, till I came to the main gate of the churchyard.

I had just passed through it when a furious storm of hail came pelting down, and I was glad to stand back under the shelter of a tree that stood close to the gate.

In ten minutes or less the shower was over, and I was about to go on my way when I heard the sound of footsteps close to me on the other side of the fence that separated me from the churchyard. I crept a little closer under the shadow of the tree, meaning to remain where I was till the men, whoever they were, should have gone by. I did not care to appeal for guidance to men who had refused to answer when I had called to know if any one was in the vault.

"What time are the confounded wagons to be here?"

The voice sounded almost at my ear; and it was the voice of the objectionable, fat young man! I crouched down on the ground, and hid my white face in my arms, hoping that in the darkness they would go by without seeing me.

"The wagons? Five in the morning."

This time it was the voice of an older man. It was hoarser, rougher, and thinner than the other.

"Why can't we start before that?" demanded the first speaker. "People will be moving about by six."

The elder man said something in reply, but I did not catch his words. They had passed on without noticing me. After waiting a few minutes I followed them.

I was now on a good road, and I made better progress. But I had to walk half a mile before I came to a house. There I learnt that I was not far from the Old Gable House, and I walked on with fresh vigor. Another quarter of an hour brought me to a pair of rusty iron gates, through which I passed and found myself in a grass-grown road.

It now began to snow, but I cared little for that, seeing that I was almost at my journey's end. The road, though intensely dark, was not a long one; and I soon came in sight of what looked in that dim light an immense house, standing gaunt, naked, and dark, in the tempestuous night. From all the windows that must have faced me there was not a glimmer visible.

It was with a beating heart that I lifted the knocker and let it fall—once, twice. The next moment there was a rush of flying feet, and Lily's voice called to me through the door. I answered her. Then there was a shout of joy, rapid undoing of bolts, the screaming of a rusty key in a worn lock, and I was in my dear friend's arms.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT WE FOUND IN THE CELLAR.

SHE took me to a small room at the back of the house, where there was a big fire, and a kettle singing on the hearth.

As I was engaged in taking off my wet things, Lily opened a cupboard. Taking out a couple of chops and a small frying-pan, she brought them to the fire and began to cook the chops.

"You won't mind my having no servant, Mary," she said.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are

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all by yourself in this big house?" I asked with a stare of amazement.

Lily nodded.

"That was one reason why I was so anxious for you to come," she said. "It was impossible to get a servant here just now, when everybody wants to be at home; and Mr. Beverley thought it was necessary that I should stay in the house myself."

"Who is Mr. Beverley?"

"The lawyer—papa's lawyer, who advertised for me, you know." I nodded, and she went on.

"Uncle Richard has behaved in the strangest way; and if it had not been for Mr. Beverley, I don't know what I should have done. My uncle would not let me into the house. He said my father had left it to him by will, but when Mr. Beverley asked him to produce the will, he said it would be time enough after the funeral. Mr. Beverley threatened him with all sorts of things, but it seemed that my uncle being in possession, it would require an order of some court to expel him, and it would take weeks to get that."

"And where did you stay all this time, my poor dear?"

"With some friends at East Tranmere. I could not stay with Mr. Beverley, as he is a bachelor. But I was going to tell you. What made Mr. Beverley so anxious about my uncle's conduct was this. You know my father had some mills, and a large grain business. Well, when Mr. Beverley, acting for me, inquired of the manager, old Mr. Pillet, how things stood, the poor old man, almost in tears, said that everything was going to ruin—that for months past my father had drawn out of the business every week as much money as he could lay his hands on, and never brought any of it back."

"Gracious, Lily, how strange! What did he do with it?"

"Brought it home to his house, and hoarded it. At any rate, it never found its way back to the office, and often Mr. Pillet thought he would be forced to stop payment, in spite of my father being a wealthy man, for want of ready money.

"My father was always fond of hoarding, but it is plain that since I left home he had become much worse. I have no doubt my Uncle Richard encouraged him in it."

After our meal a clock in the corner struck eight. I could scarcely believe that it was so early. The night had been a long one for me.

As we sat over the fire, listening to the swish of the snow against the window panes—it was snowing now in good earnest—Lily went on with her story.

"It was not till the day poor papa was buried that I was allowed to come into this house. By that time he was in his coffin—I could not see him."

"I would have made them open it!" I exclaimed.

Lily shook her head.

"There was a leaden coffin that my uncle had ordered from New York out of respect to papa, he said. And they told me it was not practicable to open it. I had to give in. I insisted on being present at the funeral. Only Mr. Beverley was with me. It took eight men to carry the coffin downstairs——"

"Never mind telling me any more about that just now," I said hastily, seeing that these painful details were not fit for the girl to dwell upon. "Tell me where you found the money."

"It is not found yet."

"Good gracious, Lily!" I cried, starting to my feet in a state of uncontrollable excitement. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me in cold blood that there is a buried treasure of nobody knows how many thousand dollars in or about this house—within a few yards of where we stand, only waiting for you to dig it up?"

"Yes, that is what it comes to, I suppose," said Lily, with a faint smile. "Mr. Beverley had in carpenters searching the upper rooms to-day, but they found nothing. He says he will make a more systematic search after the holidays."

"But in the meantime it may be stolen, and where will you be then?" I cried. "Let us set to work and look for it at once, Lily!"

"But where shall we look? It may

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be buried in the garden, or in the wood behind the house."

"If it is, we can't help it. But I don't think that is at all likely. Your father would wish to have his money where he could see it whenever he chose."

"That is true. But if it is in the house, it must be in the cellar, for the upper rooms have been well searched, and all the walls have been—'sounded,' I think they call it."

"Very good. Let us have a look at the cellar!"

We each got a candle, and in addition I carried a small poker. Down a long passage, and then down half a dozen steps, and we stood at the cellar door. It was not locked, and we pushed it open.

The great space was silent as the grave. Not even the scamper of a rat broke the stillness. One part of it had at one time been used as a coal cellar, for coal dust and "slack" were scattered over a considerable part of the brick floor.

"There is nothing here," said Lily, clinging to me in a fit of nervousness. "Let us go away."

"How do you know there is nothing here?" I demanded. "Did you expect to see the money stacked in one corner, like potatoes? I mean to go over the floor and see whether any of the bricks have been disturbed."

"Oh, Mary, that would take us all night!"

"Not a bit of it! But there is a quicker way. Just wait here a moment, while I fetch a jug of water."

Lily, however, insisted on coming with me. We went upstairs, and fetched, not a jug, but a pail of water, and I poured it gently over the cellar floor. It lay in filthy little pools all over the place *except* at one spot. There it would not lie a moment, but disappeared at once. I darted forward, and tried one of the bricks with the point of my poker.

"Here, Lily!" I cried in a whirl of excitement. "Here is the very place! The bricks have been taken up and laid down again quite likely. And see if that isn't earth there, underneath the coal dust? It is! I can move the bricks with the greatest ease."

One after another I dislodged them, till I had a heap of them lying on one side. Then we went for the kitchen shovel. The earth had been disturbed very recently. It was loose and soft.

I worked on in silence, Lily watching me, till a foot beneath the surface my shovel struck on something hard.

"An iron box!" I cried, working away as if for my life.

Five minutes later Lily and I stood on opposite sides of the hole. It was a grave. The hard substance was a leaden coffin. We could not doubt that the body of the wretched miser whom Lily had called father lay within.

The shock was a dreadful one to the poor child. She reproached herself bitterly, and to my mind quite unnecessarily, with leaving her father to the care of strangers, and accused herself of various crimes which I had not time to listen to.

I was in haste to get the grave covered in, that I might get Lily upstairs and put her to bed, for I was dreadfully afraid lest she should have a fit of hysterics there and then. However, I succeeded in quieting her, and at last I got her upstairs, and stowed her away in an immense four-post bed, which she begged me to share with her. I was so tired that I was quite ready to keep her company. It was not yet ten o'clock when we both sank into a deep, dreamless slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HALF-OPEN DOOR.

SUDDENLY I was wide awake. Had any noise disturbed me? I thought not. For a few moments I lay listening. The silence was intense. The sound of soft snow blown against the window panes had ceased. Lily was sleeping peacefully, within reach of my hand. The sound of a deep-toned, rusty church bell striking the hour came faintly to my ear. One! Two! Three! Four! Four o'clock.

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The wagons were to be there at five.

The idea—not the words—projected itself into my brain, as though some one had spoken at my ear. Where? At the churchyard. What were wagons wanted for at a lonely churchyard at five o'clock on Christmas morning?

Did some one mean to carry away a body secretly? I had heard of such things. But two wagons were at least to be used. Why should they want *two* wagons? And whose body was it they wanted to carry off? Should it be that of Lily's father? No; that had been buried in the cellar. Why? Why?

Like a lightning flash the answer to this question darted into my mind. What a fool I had been! What a supine, senseless idiot, to lie there warm and comfortable while my friend's whole future was at stake!

I was out of bed in a moment, and putting on my clothes. I would go to the churchyard, and if I was powerless to prevent what might be happening there, I could at least watch what was being done. If only I knew where there was a house at which I might find help. But it was out of the question to begin seeking help at that time of night. Besides, who would be willing to leave his warm bed on such a wild-goose chase as mine must appear to be?

In ten minutes I was stealing out of the porch; the door closed behind me. The night was still now, and very cold. There was an inch of snow on the ground, which made it much lighter than it had been when I arrived. Down the silent road I sped, and out into the highway. I was as much alone as if I had been on an iceberg in the middle of the Atlantic.

Soon the dark mass of the old church came in sight. There was the gate. There was the tree under which I had cowered in fear as the two conspirators passed by. Not a soul was in sight; but—had my ears deceived me, or was that the sound of a cough? And was not that the rumble of wheels, barely audible over the snow? I could not be sure.

I passed silently up between the gravestones, every moment expecting to see the gleam of a lantern, but there was none,—no light but that of the snow glistening in the starlight.

I stole to the place where I had nearly fallen over into the passage to the vault and peered down.

Yes, there was a broad beam of yellow light issuing from a half-open door. The door was that of the vault. Some one was inside.

With movements softer than a cat's I stole down the snow-covered steps, and peered in. A tall man stood with his back to me, bending over something I could not see. But I did see the sides of coffins, as they lay ranged on shelves of brick round the sides of the vault. On the floor was a bull's-eye lantern and some deal boxes. All this I took in at a glance. And one other thing I saw. Close to my hand in the lock of the door, from which it had not been removed, was the handle of a bright steel key.

Gently, gently, I pulled the heavy door closer and closer. The hinges must have been well oiled, for they did not creak.

It was not till I had got the door close to, and began to move the key in the lock, that I made the first sound.

There was a loud cry inside, and the noise of a man hurling himself against the closed door. One good wrench, and the thing was done. The key was turned and out of the lock, and I was running up the steps with it firmly clenched in my right hand.

Like a ghost I flitted over the white tombstones, making straight for the gate. What was that noise? What were those dark objects standing to the right of the gate? Two wagons, with great brown horses. I stood still. A bulky figure came from behind the nearest wagon, and stood before me.

I daresay he was the more surprised of the two. For some seconds we stood and stared at one another without speaking. I knew him. It was the stout man of the railroad car! If my life had depended on my speaking or running away, I could not have uttered a word or moved a limb.

Suddenly the eyes of my antagonist fell

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upon the key I held in my hand, and he made a dash for it. That restored me, as it were, to myself. With a quick sideward movement I evaded him, and darting away, I raced along the white road.

In an instant, of course, he was plunging after me.

My breath came in great sobs. The glistening snow seemed to be moving all around me, like the billows of the sea. I gave one despairing cry, and launched myself head first into the arms of a short, thick-set man, who came running down a narrow lane on the left.

Crack!

With a thud I hope never to hear again the fist of the newcomer went crashing into the face of my enemy. Right back he went, as though he had been struck by a cannon-ball that bore him down by its momentum; and he lay, a mass of flesh and rough cloth, in the middle of the snow.

"Mary!"

"Tom! Oh, Tom, Tom, can it really be you? Take me away, Tom—anywhere from this place. I—I can't speak. I have been running for my life. But you—how did you come here?"

I clung to him with both hands, and called him, in my fright, by names a thousand times more endearing than I had ever used to him before. He put his arm round my waist, soothed and petted me, and together we went back to the churchyard.

Tom explained that having promised to spend Christmas day with us, it was necessary, above all things, that he should keep his promise; and he had accordingly come down by the night mail, and walked over from X——. He had meant to "hang about somewhere," he said, till it was time to go to church, and then he would have surprised me by being there before me.

But it was delightful to watch Tom's face as I told him my story. Disdaining my suggestion that he should seek assistance at some of the houses near, he threw open the door of the vault, and gripped my prisoner by the collar.

There was a bit of a scuffle, but Tom, though the shorter, was much the stronger of the two, and he soon had the other at his mercy.

Then we had time to look about us, and a pretty sight we saw! The floor of the vault was strewn all over with silver dollars and bills, and a good many of them had found their way into the pockets of our captive, which Tom speedily made him unload. The coffin which had been supposed to contain the body of Lily's father had been burst open, and the money with which it was filled had been partly transferred to the deal boxes I had noticed before. There was no need to talk about the plot that had so nearly been successful. It stood manifest before our eyes.

But on second thought it occurred to me that perhaps Lily would not thank me for sending her uncle and cousin to jail. It would bring great scandal on the family name, and no particular good could result from it. Indeed, I felt so sure that Lily would take this view of the matter that I persuaded Tom to let the old man go.

He disappeared, as Tom said, like a streak of greased lightning; and by the time we had collected the scattered coins, and put them into one of the boxes, locked up the vault, and left the churchyard, wagons and horses and conspirators had alike vanished. The fallen man had evidently recovered, at least so far as to allow of his being carted away. Neither father nor son was ever again seen in that part of the country.

Tom stood sentry over the treasure till I had succeeded in rousing some of the neighbors. The treasure was properly guarded over Christmas day, and the next day it was taken to the bank at X——.

Lily did not give up the mills and the grain business, as most people thought she would. She engaged me as manager, and (thanks chiefly to old Pillet, who "knew the ropes") we were making the thing a great success. I can see that very soon the work will be too much for one pair of hands, and those a woman's. I mean to ask Tom to give up the sea, and then resign my post in his favor. I do not think he will refuse me.

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M. AMANN AS GLADSTONE.

A Man of Many Faces.

By H. J. Holmes.

To become within the space of half an hour every evening all the important persons on the face of the earth is a privilege not accorded to many. But one man, at least, can accomplish the astonishing feat without wincing and superfluity of fuss.

Amann, whose name is an abrupt contradiction of his entertainment, is the gentleman who was satisfied to take the responsibilities of the entire globe on his shoulders. Nor did he seem, on the occasion when I witnessed his performance, overpowered by his task. He became Kruger, or his living image, at one moment, only to appear as Cecil Rhodes the next. You sat staring at Zola, to be staggered by the sudden appearance of his friend Dreyfus. And the wonder of this sort of thing is that no "make-up," such as other protean artists employ, no masks, face pads, or other aids are required by Amann. Of course, if the person whom he wishes to be the double of is hirsutely adorned about the face, a false mustache or beard is used—but nothing else beyond the costume worn by the "study." Such a contrast of features as those of Bismarck and Gladstone is no obstacle to Amann. So marvellously mobile is his face that each character is presented "to the life." Vidocq and Sherlock Holmes have been credited with possessing the facility of chameleonic changes at will. Amann alone convinced me that the historians of those knowing gentlemen were not altogether relying on their powers of awful imagination.

Ludwig Amann was born in Munich in 1855. Twenty-one years ago, he joined the Duke of Meininger's Royal Shakespearean Company, then touring through Germany. During his connection with this company, he occasionally appeared in special entertainments given in the towns visited, impersonating prominent people. He was so successful that he was often advised by his friends to take up this line exclusively. Being a young man devoted to the interpretation of the divine poet, he at first declined, but at last he saw the good thing he possessed in wonderfully flexible features, and threw up blank verse for a more remunerative and less arduous calling.

M. Amann is above the medium height, well built, and muscular in appearance. His face is a very striking one, full of character. He speaks English fairly well, although his usual preliminary announcement as to the character about to be personated is really unnecessary. There can be no mistake in regard to recognition.

Among the prominent people whose features he seems to appropriate *pro tem.* are such widely diverse appearances as Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Dreyfus and Zola, Cecil Rhodes, President McKinley, Kruger, Bismarck, Lord Kitch-

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AS NAPOLEON I.

AS CECIL RHODES.

traordinary. Take, for instance, that of Zola. His expression is reproduced exactly. As Rhodes, Amann makes a distinct hit. Then, his likeness of Queen Victoria is, without doubt, one of the most wonderful items of the artist's programme. Her Majesty is represented sitting. The pose and expression are as natural as though Her Majesty were really there in person, and the reproduction of the Queen's features bears evidence of the most careful study.

Of such "outside" studies as "the discontented man," "the contented man," "the bashful man," etc., nothing need be said but that they surpass anything in the way of facial expression ever seen on the stage.

Amann has given his performance in all European countries, and his experiences have been many and varied, his peculiar entertainment giving many opportunities for producing sensational effects.

In this country, too, he has had some lively anecdotes to tell. His best has to do with the last presidential election. Amann was engaged at Hammerstein's Olympia, New York, upon the day when the result of the election became known. The man of many faces appeared for his turn as usual, and having given one or two impersonations, there was a pause in the entertainment owing to the following circumstance: A wild burst of cheering almost shattered the roof; men stood up on their seats and, almost mad with excitement, threw their hats in the air and yelled vociferously. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their hands with the utmost enthusiasm.

What caused all this commotion?

A well-known figure was seen making his way up one of the aisles of the stalls.

"McKinley! McKinley!" was the cry. Every possible means of expressing enthusiastic loyalty was indulged in. Mc-

ener, Admiral Dewey, the Prince of Wales, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Dr. Jameson, and the Kaiser.

Perhaps M. Amann's greatest triumph is his marvellous likeness of Queen Victoria. Women have often impersonated the English Queen—impersonated her wonderfully—as Miss Thornton did in the year of the Jubilee; but men have seldom dared to attempt this feat, and M. Amann may well claim to be the best impersonator the Queen has ever had.

With the exception of the latter, which naturally demands more time, each character is prepared in full view of the audience. So little "make-up" does M. Amann require that the alteration of the attire and other preparations occupy less than half a minute.

In many cases the resemblance is ex-

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Kinley in Hammerstein's on the first day of his election as President of the United States of America! The audience was determined on expressing their approval of the kindly act.

Amidst the greatest demonstration ever witnessed within the walls of Hammerstein's the figure of the popular President marched up the house. Instead of sitting down, however, he proceeded toward the stage. The audience saw at once his intention. He wished to say a few words on the auspicious occasion. "Speech! speech!" came in encouraging and vociferous accents from all parts of the house. The band played "Hail, Columbia!"

The new President smilingly faced the audience. Then something happened. The well-known features of Mr. McKinley melted before the eyes of his expectant but astonished supporters, until they saw that it was M. Amann, and not the President, who stood before them. A good-humored roar of laughter, mingled with applause, concluded the incident.

In Milan, Amann had just added to his list of impersonations the deceased patriot Garibaldi. He appeared in a similar uniform to that worn by the famous general. So natural was the resemblance that the entire audience shouted as one man: "Vivi Garibaldi!"

In the midst of this demonstration Amann noticed a young lady, who was with some friends in a stage box, suddenly shriek out and fall weeping into the arms of one of the gentlemen with her, who also burst into tears. The audience, in whose view the incident took place, was silenced. The young lady was gently led from the box by her companion, both weeping bitterly. M. Amann assures me that it was one of the most pathetic scenes he ever witnessed, and there were many women in the audience who added their tears to those of the afflicted couple, in whom were recognized the eldest son and daughter of Garibaldi. They had come to the theatre especially to see the impersonation of their dead father.

Signor Garibaldi afterward waited on Amann to apologize for interrupting his entertainment. He explained that painful memories of their father had been vividly renewed by his (Amann's) appearance on the stage, and their feelings had overcome them in so dramatic a manner.

It was also in Milan that quite a different incident occurred. King Humbert of Italy was present in the royal box, accompanied by some members of his suite and Signor Bellinzadi, the Mayor of Milan. Bellinzadi was rather peculiar, both in personal appearance and attire, the latter verging on the eccentric.

During Amann's performance, and while Bellinzadi was in conversation on some important matter with the King, the attention of the entire audience became centred on the

AS BISMARCK.

AS THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

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LAUGHTER

GRIEF.

ANGER.

DEFIANCE.

royal box. Applause, mixed with a great deal of ironical laughter, followed, and Bellinzadi, who had his back to the stage, his face being in full view of the audience, at last became aware that the ironical laughter was directed at the royal box.

"What can it mean?" he exclaimed. The King also was smiling. He was looking at the stage. The Mayor followed the direction of His Majesty's glance, and the cause of the amusement became apparent.

The King was now laughing heartily.

On the stage stood the exact counterpart of the Mayor. The expression of the victim's face, as he caught sight of his double, became so excruciatingly funny in his indignation, that everybody in the house, irresistibly losing all sense of respect, screamed with laughter, especially when they saw that their King was equally enjoying the joke. The Mayor did not patronize the theatre again during Amann's engagement.

Some years before his death, Bismarck had the pleasure of seeing his living counterpart in Berlin. He laughed very heartily, especially when Amann removed his helmet and displayed the very bald head, with the well-known three hairs sticking up in front.

He afterward sent for Amann, and having congratulated him on his performance, asked him had he ever appeared in England, France, and Russia.

On being told that Amann had been to these countries, he said:

"I suppose you appeared as Bismarck? Now how do your audiences behave toward him?"

Amann assured him that his reception was always flattering.

The great Chancellor seemed pleased.

"But don't they laugh when you show off my three hairs?" he inquired anxiously.

Amann had been announced to appear in Odessa—indeed, was preparing to go on the stage, when a company of fifty Cossacks drew up before the theatre. An officer entered with a warrant for the performer's arrest.

He was brought before General Gourko, the Governor of Odessa, and one of the greatest tyrants who ever oppressed Poland.

"So!" he roared at Amann; "you would dishonor the Governor! You would impersonate Gourko!"

As a matter of fact, such had been Amann's intention. He endeavored to soothe the tyrant, and assured him there was no reason why he should be annoyed. His impersonation

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would be nothing but a living portrait of a great general!

This careful handling had some effect.

"Ah! you would be me, then! Well, let us see what you can do."

His curiosity had got the better of him.

Amann soon had the materials beside him. In a minute he turned to the General, who was staggered by the resemblance.

Amann's broken-English repetition of the General's exclamation is:

"By G——, you make me good!"

But he didn't mean that exactly.

During another engagement in Odessa, Amann met with the most dramatic incident of his career.

His subjects included the late Czar of Russia. His impersonation of the Emperor was one of his best. He was standing upon the stage, the audience vigorously applauding, when a loud shout was heard. A strange hush fell on the house as immediately afterward a *gendarme* pushed his way into the stalls, and with right arm uplifted, cried at the top of his voice:

"Stop the performance! The Czar is dead!"

Amann, as the Czar of Russia, still stood on the stage.

The terrible news of the Emperor's assassination had just reached Odessa.

M. AMANN'S MARVELLOUS IMPERSONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Photos by Hana.

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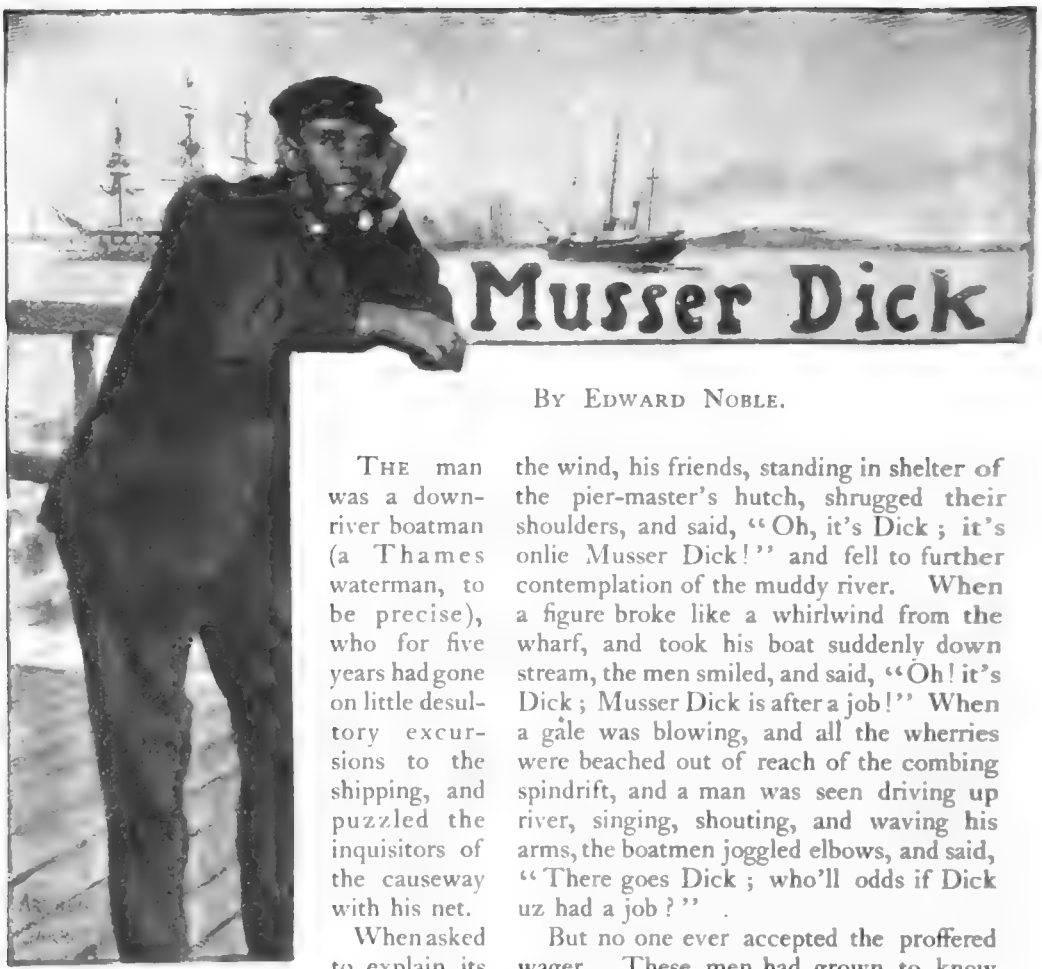

Musser Dick

By Edward Noble.

The man was a down-river boatman (a Thames waterman, to be precise), who for five years had gone on little desultory excursions to the shipping, and puzzled the inquisitors of the causeway with his net.

When asked to explain its use, Dick replied that he had been in the navy, and liked the look of torpedo nettings hanging over the side. Asked, too, where he obtained his "freedom," he produced his papers, and said, "Up along." Up along apparently stood for Greenwich.

No one quite understood him, yet all were his friends. He rarely talked, yet frequently appeared walking up and down the sloping causeway in company, but it was generally the friend who did the talking.

That he slept somewhere was generally admitted as possible, but during five years' comradeship none had ever been within Dick's room; and, long before that time expired, the men who lounged about the causeway waiting on a dying trade had given Dick up.

When a wild burst of song came down the wind, his friends, standing in shelter of the pier-master's hutch, shrugged their shoulders, and said, "Oh, it's Dick; it's onlie Musser Dick!" and fell to further contemplation of the muddy river. When a figure broke like a whirlwind from the wharf, and took his boat suddenly down stream, the men smiled, and said, "Oh! it's Dick; Musser Dick is after a job!" When a gale was blowing, and all the wherries were beached out of reach of the combing spindrift, and a man was seen driving up river, singing, shouting, and waving his arms, the boatmen joggled elbows, and said, "There goes Dick; who'll odds if Dick uz had a job?"

But no one ever accepted the proffered wager. These men had grown to know their mate in those five years of observation.

Generally Dick was to be seen walking strenuously up and down the causeway, his hands thrust deep in ragged pockets, his patched and colorless coat buttoned high about his neck, his disgraceful cap set jauntily on tousled hair, that knew nothing of the civilizing influence of a brush. Rain or shine, wind or calm, there he walked his lurching promenade; sometimes silent, sometimes singing, sometimes whistling a ragged tune, but generally alone.

This was his every-day attitude, his every-day attire, month in, month out, from seven till twelve, and from one till five; after that the causeway knew him no more, unless by chance it was Wednesday night and the Antwerp boat happened to be late. In-

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deed, his conduct on Wednesday was always remarkable. He was on the pier, his boat hauled up, cleaned, and put in readiness an hour before any other boatman was about. By that time he would be walking up and down the promenade, his hands thrust deeper into his pockets, his shoulders more definitely rounded, his cap set firmer on his head, his coat buttoned tighter about his throat; silent, watchful, attentive to the passing shipping.

Rain, wind, hail, snow, sun, fog—all passed away unheeded by Dick on this day. Sometimes, if the weather was superlatively bad, an old, old oilskin was added to his apparel—not worn as men usually wear a coat, but slung about his neck, much as a Fuegian wears his huanaco-skin apron, under the lee of which he crouches, shivering.

When his comrades saw Dick don his oilskin, they took it as a sign from heaven they need wait no longer, and Dick was left in lonely majesty until his hour came.

These curious phases could not remain unnoticed in a community where all men are trained observers of the obvious. Indeed, it soon came to be remarked that Dick was a stickler for Wednesday "seeking." More especially he seemed keen on cutting out Teddy Mallins, who wherried the Antwerp pilot to and from his ship.

One day Dick was walking the causeway, whistling and singing at intervals, when one of the men approached him. "Seems to me, Musser Dick," he remarked as the other drew rein, "you've got a dead set on that Antwerp boat. Chuck it, matee, you'll never ketch Teddy asleep; it's waste of time. Chuck it."

Dick made no definite reply. He stared hard at the river, whistled a few bars, took two or three steps, waltz fashion, down the causeway, and continued as though nothing had happened. But from that day on Dick made several trips daily, and on Wednesday came to honor more than one vessel with his attention. The boatmen had therefore more frequent opportunities for their favorite remark, and "Oh! it's onlie Dick, Musser Dick," came to be a by-word on the sluggish causeway.

But there was another side to Dick's character, a side only apparent to those who delve beneath the merely obvious, and search for reasons among men's actions.

As soon as Dick left the pier he was a new man, and the newness grew as he approached his home. He walked straight. His footsteps no longer shuffled. He came to a little dingy street, wandering tortuously to an ultimate *cul-de-sac*, and paused. He always paused and glanced around; then, having satisfied himself he was alone, instantly continued on his way. Near the far end he entered a small and dingy shop, a shop addicted especially to supplies, wherein presided a fat and kindly widow. Here he paused again, and looking across at the woman who always bustled forth to meet him, said, in a voice as changed as was his manner, "Any better, Mrs. Galton?" and waited expectant.

The answer came to him in silence. A

AN OLD OILSKIN WAS ADDED TO HIS APPAREL.

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SOME ONE WAS HELD IN SOME ONE'S ARMS

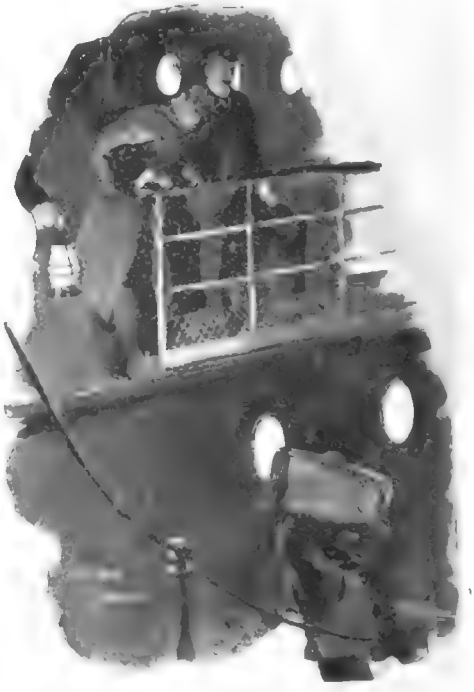
look, a slight head motion, a thing of deadly monotony, but sufficient; then Dick would breathe hard, and pass into the little room behind the counter, whence presently he emerged clad from top to toe in the garb of a city clerk. An entirely new Dick, wearing trimmed hair, a man the causeway would scarcely recognize. Dressed thus, he passed upstairs quietly, and halting on the little landing, opened the door.

Once this had been a signal for hurried footsteps; light, dancing, girlish, tripping footsteps; then followed a quick rush, and the footsteps ceased. Some one was held in some one's arms, some one was choking and kicking in some one's embrace, and for a space the dull room overhead echoed with joyful cries and childish laughter. This, at all events, was discernible to Mrs. Galton waiting on seedy customers in the shop beneath, but, despite the merry sounds, she always sighed wearily: "Aye, aye! follow, follow! Poor little Miss. Poor Mr. Richard."

So time, dragging slowly onward, saw no break in the dull monotony except that the doctor came and went; the footsteps crossing nightly to greet the home-comer grew less brisk, lagged, took to walking. The laughter, the scuffle, the kicking all grew fainter, until at length one night they ceased entirely, and Mrs. Galton went about on tiptoe in the shop beneath.

This happened in December. A bleak and dismal day had gone the way of others when Dick came in and asked his question with the old pathetic, upward twist. The answer came as usual, a silent negative; then Dick changed his dress, and hastened up the stairs. All was dark. No creaking chair, no welcome movement, all as still as death. The man halted on the threshold. No sound fell. He opened the door; still silence. Then came hurrying footsteps, the man's pacing heavily across the room, and when they ceased, a soft wailing cry stole through the open door to Mrs. Galton, listening at the stair foot; a soft wailing cry, then silence.

"Followin', followin'. Poor little Miss!"



DICK DESCENDED, CARRYING THE PORTMANTEAU.

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Mrs. Galton's crooning whisper fell amidst the throes of a strong man's sobs; then she bustled to the door, and sent a vehement message for the doctor.

* * * * *

A week had passed since Dick had left the causeway, a whole week, and none had seen him. The fraternity shook their heads, and "allowed" many things by way of explanation. None fell near the truth. Dick's boat with its curious netting remained. When Dick had done his "gambol" he would return. And so he did return.

The same Dick? Scarcely. Yet the difference was not noticed on the causeway. The men marvelled. Dick had been absent a week and had nothing to tell. The fraternity put it down to a sudden fit of drunkenness.

But the man was changed. A gray pallor stood in his face; his eyes were sunken, great shadows lay in the hollows beneath. He stared as a man stares who sees a vision. That was the change. In all else Dick was unregenerate. Dirty coat, ragged trousers, tangled hair, a tousled wisp of crape still on his arm. The fraternity doubted whether the wisp was new, but agreed it was best to leave the question buried.

So the time passed; day grew to night, night grew to day. From seven till twelve and from one till five Dick was on the causeway, walking more doggedly than ever, talking less, addicted oftener to sudden bursts of song, and ever strenuous in his exertions to cut out Teddy with the Antwerp boat.

A year crept by, December came again. A dull, spiritless, enervating December, with sudden frosts and sudden days of sullen steam, fogs predominant, invigorating breezes nowhere.

On one such day the Antwerp boat again was late. The sun had long set. Dick and Teddy were the only two on the causeway when at length her signals were heard, groaning horribly far down the foggy reach. Teddy hastened immediately to call the pilot, and when some fifteen minutes later they started, Dick and his boat had vanished.

The signals repeated at intervals, presently sounding off the town, and the steamer came to anchor. The tide was running ebb, and no captain, not a fool, would hazard a passage farther in such weather. Any one who wished to get to town might land and go by rail. Only one showed any desire. He came to the rail seeking a boat. The manner in which the cap'n had fooled about was, he considered, disgraceful, unpardonable. He (the passenger) had been due at a meeting in London these six hours. In future he would take care to make the trip by a boat whose skipper was not troubled with blue funks.

"Could he get to town if he went ashore?"

"Certainly; a train leaves in fifty minutes; nothing is easier, provided a boat is here."

A boat was there, bobbing at the foot of the ladder—Musser Dick's boat.

"Would the boatman take the passenger ashore, and could he catch a train by so doing?"

"Would he? Yaas, if so be he's pawsed the custims. Could he? Easy as knife it."

Dick descended, carrying the bag, the rugs, the portmanteau; then, with Dick's assistance, the passenger got placed on the after seat.

They pushed off, and as they rounded the stern a second boat crept past, and a voice cried: "There goes Dick—Musser Dick ee's got 'is job at lawst!"

It was the pilot's boat, with Teddy rowing. The fog enveloped him. A curious silence lay on the face of the turgid river. Dick sculled swiftly onward. The shipping clatter died, the roar of escaping steam ceased; the monotonous click of Dick's scull was the only sound that broke the stillness. It was dark, too, so dark that neither man could see the other. The lights were wrapped in a dense gray steam; the boat moved into a circular patch less gray, beneath which the river ran gurgling far into the silent night.

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DICK BROUGHT A LANTERN, AND THROUGH THE DENSE FOG STOOD WATCHING HIS VICTIM.

The passenger grew impatient. "Give way, my lad!" he growled. But Dick rowed on unheeding. Again, five minutes later, "I shall miss my train if you don't look sharp." Then Dick leaned on his sculls and said, "M'ybe I've lost me bearin's; set still while I find a compass."

He turned the sculls for'ard as he spoke, and stepped aft to search the stern. "Beg pawdin!" he remarked, and drew a rope across the passenger's knees.

"Devil take your ropes and you," growled the other. "Speak if I'm in your way."

"You are," said Dick, as he pulled hard on the rope. "You've been in my way for years—but now it's finished!"

"Steady! Oh, my God!"

The cry ceased abruptly; the passenger was lying on his back in the wherry with Dick's net drawn tight about him. He lay still a moment, as though stunned, then broke into a volley of oaths as he struggled aimlessly with the ropes. But Dick brought a lantern aft, and stood watching him all unmoved.

"No use, Ellison," he remarked, banteringly; "no one can hear. Besides—you might capsize—the boat."

The man gasped and lay still.

"Travers!" the man cried, with a curious tremor; "is that—Dick—Travers?"

"Who else would trouble to wait five years to net you?"

"For God's sake, what d'ye mean? A joke's a joke. This goes beyond. What do you want?"

"My wife and child."

"I know nothing of them. I have not seen them for years."

"No," said Dick, with that old pathetic twist; "nor have I seen them, either, for years."

Then silence fell between them. The man watching Dick fancied he smiled.

"Come," he cried again, "you have me on the hip. Tell me, eh, it's a question of price, as usual?"

Dick made no reply; he was busily engaged rendering his net secure.

"I know what it is," the man continued, appealingly. "You think I wronged you over that flotation. I know it is not easy for us all to see matters with unprejudiced eyes. You think I hurt you willingly. My dear fellow, you should have known me better. Come, shall we make a bargain?"

"Ay," cried Dick, turning on him fiercely, "keep your bargains. Don't palter with words. You skinned me as a

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butcher skins a stuck sheep. You took advantage of my lack of business training, and robbed me. You call it business. I call it swindling. Nothing can palliate it, nothing can alter it. You did it openly to your friend, and now your friend has the power."

"My dear fellow, had I known——"

"Silence!" he interrupted with savage scorn; "you did know. I wrote; your secretary answered my letters. You ruined me. You killed my wife and child, and now—hark! Do you hear that sound?"

A stealthy gurgling stole into the night. The man struggled horribly in his net.

"My God! what do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Dick; "I fancied for a moment the boat was leaking."

Again the man twisted violently, but the boat lurched and he grew quiet by stress of fear. He looked across at his friend sitting motionless on the thwart. Dick was gazing into the flickering lamp, as silent as in those days when he watched, on Wednesday, for the Antwerp boat. The captive thought he saw pity in Dick's eyes.

"Travers," he groaned, "this has gone far enough. I own that circumstances fell awkwardly for you. Matters might have run smoother, but there was a crisis; my hand was forced. I——"

"Liar!" cried the other, again leaping into fury; "you did what you did because you are a rogue, because you are a thief, and never knew the meaning of honor, justice, or any other paltry virtue.

"Listen," he continued, as Ellison attempted speech; "I'll show you how the thing happened from my point of view. You and I were friends. You were a business man, I was 'a fool with a process and some hundreds.' I showed you the process. We experimented together. You thought the thing might be worth money, and I sank my money proving it. When that was gone you supplied more. The thing was found to be worth flotation, it was floated; but you, my friend, were the inventor, concessionnaire, and patentee, all in one. Who was I? Only 'a crank with a theory.' Could I prove my words? I tried, but you had the longer purse. I failed. Then I became Musser Dick; once I had been 'a fool with some money and a process,' now I'm 'a fool with no money and a curiously fitted boat.' Why? Because the process proved so valuable to my friend that foreign patents were taken up, and he had frequently to journey to Antwerp."

"MABEL, LITTLE MABEL, WHOM YOU NURSED ON YOUR KNEE."

The man breathed heavily.

"For God's sake, Dick," he gasped, "let me out of this. I will make amends. I swear it."

"You should have thought of that," said the other grimly, "when I told you my wife was dying."

"Your wife dying? Man! man! how could I help it?"

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"She died of starvation, friend. Are you comfortable?"

"Devil!" he shouted, struggling.

"Little Mabel, pretty golden-haired Mabel, whom you nursed on your knee," Dick continued, with husky voice and forced attention to details, "died also of starvation. She spoke of you with her last breath. She did not know, you see. How could I——"

Dick halted abruptly; the man lay still, the boat began to lurch disconsolately, and the water rippled across the bottom boards. The man struggled to his elbow.

"In God's name, what's that?" he shouted.

"Water," said Dick, quite calmly; "I fear the boat is leaking."

"Leaking! man, I'm wet to my knees! Help! Help! Oh, God!"

"What a fuss you make!" said Dick. "I, too, am wet."

"Travers, I will straighten things! You shall have half of all I made! I swear it—I swear it!"

"I don't want it, keep it."

"It means thousands to you, comfort, luxury," he screamed. "Travers? Dick? do you not hear?"

"I hear," said Dick; "I have no use for it—now."

A fearful cry broke from the lips of the tortured man. The river ran with his shrieks; then, exhausted, he turned once more to gaze at Dick sitting so calmly in the lamp-light.

"Is there no—way—out of it?" he shouted.

"None."

The man had made a desperate move, and the boat lurched horribly.

"Sit tight, cur!" said Dick; "a few moments will end it."

"Devil, I can't! Dick, there's a—a—pistol in—my—bag; for mercy's sake——"

"Had you mercy?" cried the other as he gripped hard at the gunwale. "I said fifty pounds would have put— Steady! old lady. A bit lower down would have been better. It's a steamer passing. Now we are passing, eh, friend?"

The boat lurched, gunwale under; a sudden wavelet leaped across her; the lamp died spluttering amidst the spume; then the river rolled on through the steaming fog, swirling, eddying, twisting, silent.

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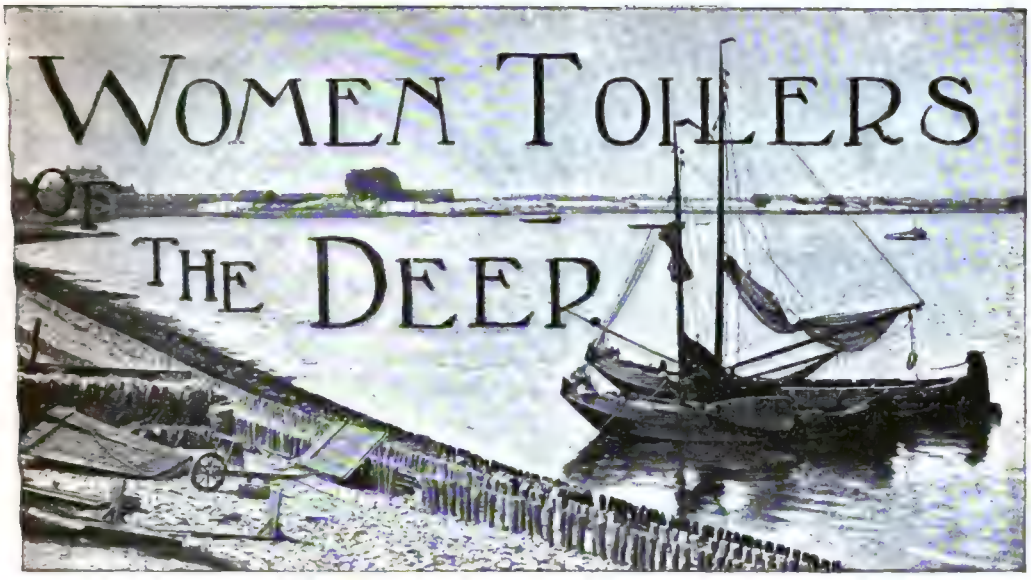

By Bradford Colt de Wolf.

The industrious nature of the Dutch women has long since become proverbial, and this in various departments of human activity. Not only are they expert in all kinds of feminine accomplishments, but also in manual labor of the heaviest sort; and the fathers and husbands look on with the utmost complacency at the toilings of their women-folk. For the Dutch are an eminently practical nation, and think, no doubt, that women, in return for name, protection, and a comfortable home, should do their best to deserve such generosity. They are physically strong, and what a pity it would be to let that strength run to waste! The women, on their part, raise no objection; indeed, they would be most astonished and indignant if forbidden to do the work they have been accustomed to for centuries.

Women are employed on a large scale in the Dutch oyster fisheries, and owing to this, and to the quaint costumes and primitive customs of the Dutch fisherfolk in general, the oyster culture in the Netherlands is of more interest, and offers a larger element of the picturesque, than any other in the world. The old town of Goes is the centre of the oyster industry in Holland, and as quaint and primitive a place as can be found in the Lowlands. Situated on the island of South Beolland, in the Province of Zealand, Goes is entirely off the beaten route of tourists. The whole population, with few exceptions—men, women, and children—are engaged in fishing, and more particularly in the oyster industry.

The daily life of these Goes oyster "hunters" is a most typical one. Entire families are engaged in the cultivation of oysters during the whole year, for the oyster beds demand unceasing work. The oysterwomen are a queer sight when attired in their costume—especially adapted for the purpose: tight-fitting red flannel knickerbockers, black stockings, a shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and a quaint sunbonnet, which thoroughly protects the head and neck.

Though the inhabitants of Goes are engaged the year round in the oyster industry, it is in April that the most important part of their work begins. It is then that the "collectors" are placed in the oyster "parks." These "collectors" are curved tiles about a foot long, which, after being carefully washed, are covered

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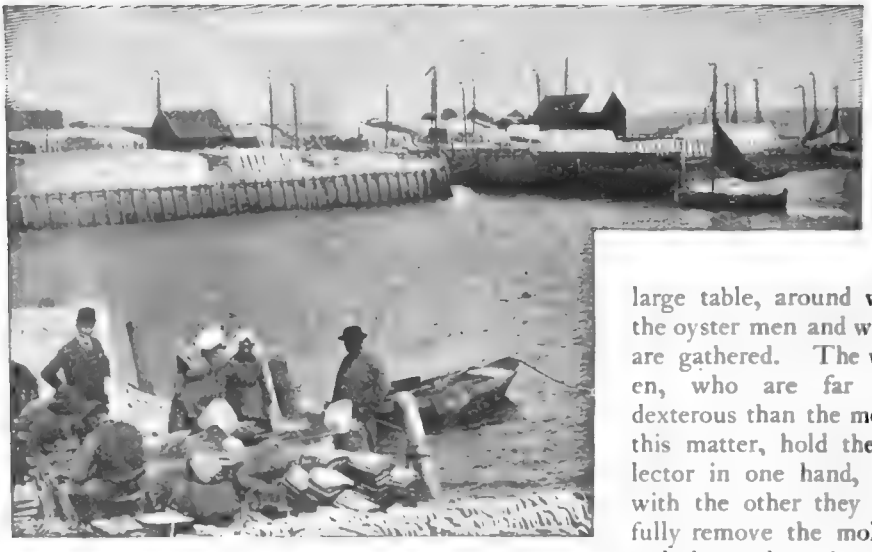

large table, around which the oyster men and women are gathered. The women, who are far more dexterous than the men in this matter, hold the collector in one hand, while with the other they carefully remove the mollusks and throw them into baskets. This operation requires considerable skill, for if performed too hastily the thin shell of the young oyster would be injured. But, notwithstanding all the care that is taken, there is always a loss of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. during this operation. The oysters are now placed for a few months in an apparatus called an "ambulance." These "ambulances" are flat boxes about ten inches high, the bottom of which consists of a wire grating. Thus isolated, the young oysters are completely protected by a box identical with the one in which they are enclosed, but reversed, so as to constitute a kind of cage, in which the water can circulate freely, without allowing fish or crabs to enter. These boxes, which contain no less than 3,000 oysters each, are arranged, side by side, and firmly affixed to the bottom of the "park" by means of stakes. In this manner, the young oysters can thrive in peace and without fear of being attacked by any of their numerous enemies, who appreciate oysters fully as much as man appreciates them.

The oysters remain three months in these boxes, during which time they are greatly cared for, being watched frequently to remove the impurities and sea-weeds which have gathered among them. At

with a layer of mortar. Thus prepared, the collectors are able to retain the oyster ova known to fishermen as white spat, or "*naissains*," as they are termed in Holland. These embryos are very minute, and float about on the surface of the water until they become affixed to the "collectors." They are then gathered into boxes eight feet long by two feet in breadth, and the tiles are so arranged as to be constantly bathed by the sea water. From 300 to 400 larvæ are attached to a single "collector."

In August the "collectors" are removed from the "beds" and taken on land to be put through a first process of cleansing. This operation, which is performed by women, is destined to cleanse the young oysters from all kinds of impurities, and also from the small shells which, by becoming affixed to the young oysters, might hinder their growth. Once thoroughly cleansed, the tiles are replaced in the boxes, where they remain until autumn. The "collectors" are then once more removed, and the oysters, which are already the size of a quarter-dollar piece, are sufficiently strong to live alone, without being affixed to anything. To remove the young oyster from the "collector," a special kind of scissors is used. For this purpose the "collectors" are placed in the middle of a

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the end of these three months they have reached a diameter of two to two and a half inches. They are now of sufficient size for sale, but not yet large enough to bring in much profit. They are therefore thrown along the bottom of the "park," where they continue to grow, their shell being of sufficient strength to withstand the attacks of fishes. The oysters continue to grow until the age of two or three years, when they reach the size of four inches in diameter. After the age of three, they stop growing, and there is no advantage in allowing them to remain any longer in the beds.

From the above, it will be seen that the oyster industry of Goes is a somewhat complicated business, requiring several categories of skilled working men and women, all of whom must be thoroughly well versed in their "trade." The men, women, and even children of Goes are indeed all practised hands in managing oysters.

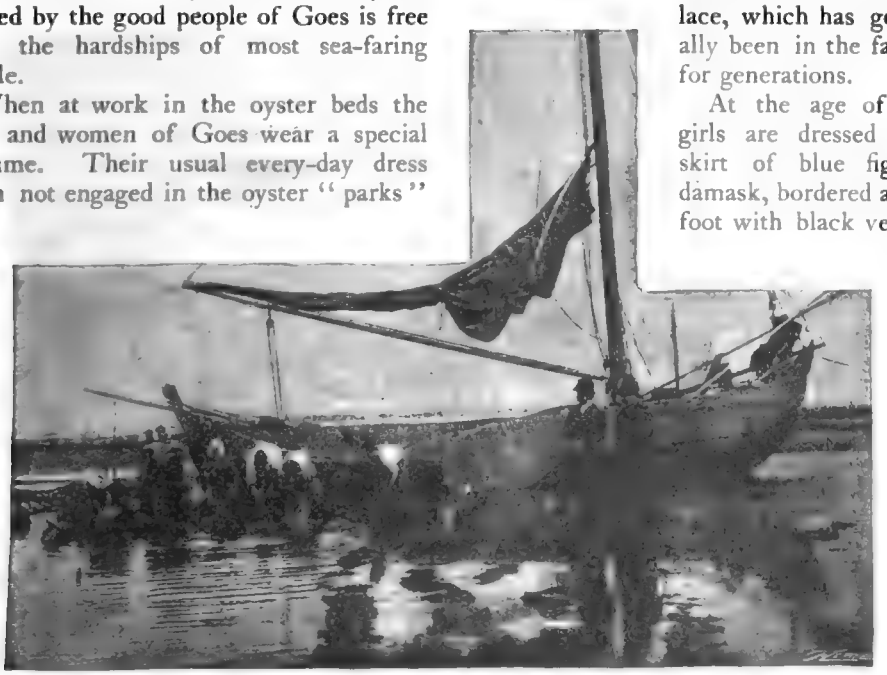
These oyster fisher-people of Goes, who form a community by themselves, live in small wooden huts facing the oyster beds. Though the oyster industry demands constant care, as said above, the life led by the good people of Goes is free from the hardships of most sea-faring people.

When at work in the oyster beds the men and women of Goes wear a special costume. Their usual every-day dress when not engaged in the oyster "parks" is, however, far more elaborate. Whereas in most European countries the primitive and picturesque costume which formerly gave so much *cachet* to the natives of Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, and Spain has almost entirely disappeared, excepting, perhaps, in the too vivid imagination of certain compilers of tourist guide-books, in Holland, and notably in Goes, the people wear the same quaint dress as their forefathers.

The Dutch are certainly a most characteristic people, and the term commonplace could never be applied to them; and this is especially true of their various national costumes. The Goes costume, with which we are at present concerned, is of sufficient interest to deserve a minute description.

From their earliest infancy, the Goes children are attired in the local fashion. When a baby is a few weeks old, it is dressed in a tight-fitting red jacket, which is generally elaborately embroidered. In the matter of headgear, it is made to wear a characteristic double bonnet, one in linen, the other in silk, on top of which is placed a large crimson handkerchief, ornamented with real lace, which has generally been in the family for generations.

At the age of six, girls are dressed in a skirt of blue figured damask, bordered at the foot with black velvet,



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generations, and are practically all related to each other. In fact they consider themselves as being the members of one large family. Whenever a baptism, a wedding, or a funeral takes place, all the population of the town turns out for the ceremony.

These people are the most cordial and hospitable that I ever came in contact with in Northern Europe, and they are particularly courteous to the few foreigners who visit their village. Men and women, young girls and boys are, alike, among the most famous skaters in Holland. They are taught to skate at the early age of five or six, and continue to practise the art, many of them, until they are grandfathers and grandmothers. I call it an art, for such the sport of skating really is as practised by these Hollanders. The women of Goes are, in particular, famed for their proficiency in skating, and are said to be unexcelled. On week days they skate to their work; on Sundays, to church. Not infrequently whole families may be seen proceeding hand in hand, swinging along in the Dutch roll.

over which is pinned a variegated handkerchief. Red stockings are always worn with this costume, which is the every-day dress of young girls and married women alike. But various additions are made to this attire on the occasion of great fêtes and holidays, such as Easter and Whit Sunday. The women then wear their quaint old family jewels, consisting mostly of curiously designed necklaces, bracelets, and brooches in Dutch silver.

The people of Goes physically are a splendid lot of men and women, notwithstanding the fact that they have intermarried for

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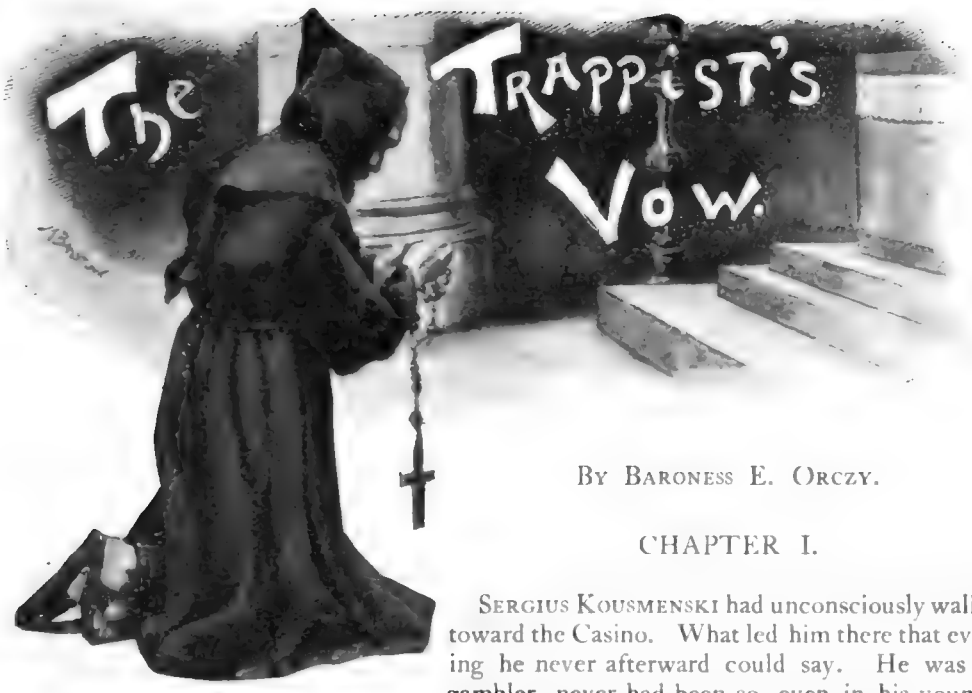

By Baroness E. Orczy.

CHAPTER I.

Sergius Kousmenski had unconsciously walked toward the Casino. What led him there that evening he never afterward could say. He was no gambler, never had been so, even in his younger days, and now that he was about to finally settle down in life he certainly felt no inclination for the card-table. He was so happy to-night! Olga Kriwenko had at last definitely allowed him to fix their wedding-day. Yes, he was going to marry Olga, the beautiful Pole—he, Sergius Kousmenski, Governor of Warsaw, whose severe rigor against the conquered race had been so much commented upon and so highly commended in St. Petersburg. No doubt, when his impending marriage would become known, he would be asked to resign the governorship. But what of that? Olga loved him; she was young, and would transform his gloomy castle, far out there beyond the steppes, into an enchanted palace of love and beauty.

It was thus, dreaming, that His Excellency had wandered through the streets of Warsaw toward the gaily lighted Casino. The brilliancy of the place, mingled with lively music, heard faintly from within, seemed to harmonize with his pleasant frame of mind. Somebody, he forgot whom, had advised him in the morning to have a look at the gamblers, male and female, who nightly filled the rooms. Sergius Kousmenski went in. The porters and attendants bowed respectfully to His Excellency, and a good many astonished looks followed the dreaded governor as he ascended the wide, carpeted stairs.

In the gaming-room at first all seemed noise, bustle, and agitation. A confusion of tongues greeted Sergius' ears as he entered, while a military band stationed at one end was playing Russian patriotic songs. Men and women alike were crowding around the tables, where every description of games of chance was being carried on.

Sergius Kousmenski watched the players nearest to him for some little time, then his attention was drawn toward the farther end of the room where "va banque" was being played.

"Va banque" is the simplest means of parting with money, and is much favored in Russia. The banquier merely deals to each player and to himself a card. Each player then stakes; the cards are turned up, and those whose cards are of lesser value than the banquier's lose their stakes to him, while he in his turn pays

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those whose cards turn out to be of greater value than his own.

A flat-faced Russian was holding the bank. He seemed excited and anxious. Probably he was losing heavily, Sergius thought, for a lady, whose face he could not see (her back was turned toward him), had a large heap of gold and notes by her side, while the banquier's pile seemed sadly diminished. Sergius caught himself wondering who the lucky winner was. He saw very little of her, only an exquisitely gloved hand from time to time.

The banquier had started a fresh deal, while Sergius, full of curiosity, endeavored to get a closer view of the lady.

"Six hundred roubles," she said in a melodious voice that made Sergius Kousmenski start, and set his pulses throbbing violently.

It was Olga's voice! What was she doing here in this gambling den? His fiancée, his would-be wife!

He had turned very pale, and made strenuous efforts to get a nearer view of the woman over there, who was a gambler and yet had Olga's voice. He stood close behind her now, so close he might have touched her shoulder, and he could distinctly see the card she was holding, and the pile of gold, 600 roubles, lying in front of her.

It all seemed like a dream that the beautiful girl he loved, the one whose rigid devotions so often had caused him to smile, should be sitting in the Casino, gambling among the roués and demi-mondaines of Warsaw.

The dealer now turned up an ace, the highest card possible; the players had lost, and all the piles of gold, Olga's included, were swept away in favor of the banquier. Sergius could not see her face, but the hand that once more put up the stake, a heavier one this time, trembled slightly. Every one had been very astonished when the unknown lady lost. "She always wins," was whispered among the crowd.

"Always!" She often came here, then, and her presence at the tables was a familiar one to this rabble!

The game proceeded—Olga lost again. Sergius could not help being glad; perhaps if she lost all she would go away, and he would beg of her never to return again. Her manner had become a little more excited, and her hand was now trembling visibly as she again and again put up sum after sum of money, only to see it each time gathered up by the dealer's indiscriminating rake.

Her luck had obviously turned—she was losing hard.

The crowd was becoming deeply interested, and many a comment, not wholly sympathetic, was passed upon Olga's ill-luck. Sergius heard them, and it made his heart ache and his cheeks flush with shame.

"Some luck in love," said one of the bystanders, laughingly; "that's why the cards are playing her false."

Olga had now only a pile of bank notes in front of her. Most of the other players had stopped; some were leaving the table, and she remained for the time almost isolated. One man—her immediate neighbor—had just risen, and as he did so, Sergius, whose very soul was in his eyes, caught sight of a card—the ace of hearts—lying just underneath her chair; it had dropped there, probably by accident. Sergius wondered that nobody else saw it; he wondered if Olga did. No! for she apparently did not, either, notice her handkerchief, which also at that moment dropped to the floor. She was evidently too excited and too much intent upon the game. She seemed to have resolved to place all the remnant of her wealth upon this last chance; after she had staked, she stood to lose or win some 90,000 roubles. Sergius did not take his eyes off her. She was very pale, and her eyes looked hard and set. He had noticed the card that had been dealt to her; it was a "seven," a comparatively low one, and the chances of her winning seemed to Sergius very remote.

The bystanders had transferred their attention to the dealer, only Sergius was looking with a certain amount of sympathy at Olga's hand, which was twitch-

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ing nervously. She looked for her handkerchief, noticed she had dropped it, and stooped slightly to pick it up. The next moment the banquier turned up his card: it was a queen.

"I pay king or ace," he said.

"You pay me," said Olga quietly, as she turned up her card—the ace of hearts.

Sergius looked at her; she seemed ready to faint as the dealer, with a muttered curse, counted out 90,000 roubles to her. He did not at first understand it all, for he had distinctly seen that she held a "seven;" till presently he chanced to look upon the floor—the card from there had disappeared.

When he looked up again, Olga had collected her money, her gloves, her handkerchief, and had risen to go. Then she turned and faced him, and their eyes met.

She knew he had seen all; he met her look of terror with one of such unutterable contempt that she closed her eyes to shut out the fearful vision.

When she opened them again he was gone.

THEN SHE TURNED AND FACED HIM, AND THEIR EYES MET.

CHAPTER II.

YES, he had gone, fled he knew not whither, to hide his desolation and shame even from those who knew it not. Instinctively he had directed his steps toward the outer gates of the city, and having passed them, he was walking through the fields that led to the Trappist monastery, yonder by the hillside. The small cemetery belonging to the convent was lying peaceably in the moonlight, and the little chapel stood quite close, with its stained-glass windows illumined from within by the perpetual lamp that is forever kept burning before the high altar.

As Sergius looked before him, he suddenly saw Olga at the farther end of the field. She was walking very briskly, and

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a few moments afterward had disappeared into the chapel.

Sergius hesitated a moment. Should he follow her? Ah, yes, and speak to her, and perhaps dispel this horrid dream, and wake up to find reality, to find her once more pure, true, and honorable.

He ran across the field, and pushed open the heavy, panelled oak door. All within the chapel seemed love and peace. A monk in his quaint, pointed hood and gown was absorbed in devotions before the high altar, and another figure—a woman's—was there, on her knees, laying bare her soul before God and sobbing bitterly. Ah, how Sergius' heart went out to her then! How he longed the next moment to take her in his arms! But she rose, and touched the kneeling monk on the shoulder.

He walked up to the small sacristy door, and beckoned to an unknown person within, who then stepped out, while the monk, waiting, stood like one of the statues carved in stone upon the altar.

The new-comer appeared to be a young man. He held out both his hands to Olga, who took them in both hers.

Forgotten seemed her grief, her remorse. She talked excitedly to him for a few moments, then she poured into his hand the bag of gold and notes she had won at the gaming table.

The young man kissed her affectionately, whilst the monk's hand was placed on her head in token of a blessing.

Sergius saw it all. He tottered as if intoxicated. He would have rushed forward and killed them all on the spot, but his feet refused to move and red clouds rolled before his eyes.

The next moment all three had disappeared within the sacristy, and he found his way out and across the fields toward the city—the city of Warsaw, of which he was the governor. His Excellency, Sergius Kousmenski!—bah! what a mockery!—he, a broken-hearted man who had given his life to a wanton and a cheat!

He waited about in the fields. Was it in the hope of seeing her again? If so, what would he say to her—what questions would he ask?

She came out of the chapel some two or three hours later, the hooded monk closing the heavy doors after her, and walked rapidly in the direction of the city.

It was almost broad daylight, and presently from the monastery chapel a soft-toned bell began to toll the Angelus.

Olga paused; like all Poles, she was a

THE NEW-COMER APPEARED TO BE A YOUNG MAN.

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devout Catholic, and she stood in the middle of the field to say her morning prayer to the Virgin Mary, while, from within the chapel, now distant, came faintly the monotonous chant of the monks:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace."

"Olga," said Sergius Kousmenski. He had walked rapidly up to her. He would speak to her just this once, find out the truth, and then, if she be unworthy, strive to blot out her image from his memory.

She did not move; perhaps she had not heard his heart-breaking appeal; she stood with her hands clasped, a rosary between her fingers.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners," she murmured devoutly. He might have been miles away for aught she heeded, her superstitious devotions seemed of so much greater moment to her than this heart-broken man, who only longed to forgive.

SHE STOOD WITH HER HANDS CLASPED, HER ROSARY BETWEEN HER FINGERS.

"Olga," he begged once more, "have you nothing to say to me?"

Her face was hard and set; she would not look at him; she would have fled only he held her hands tightly, so tightly that the beads of the rosary made deep impressions into her flesh.

One moment he almost hoped she would speak, and a look of entreaty—an entreaty for faith and trust—for an instant softened the set expression in her eyes. She seemed to listen in the distance to the monks still chanting and praying to her who never sinned.

"I have nothing to say," she said; "it would be best if you would leave me now."

Then Sergius let go her hand and walked away.

But she, now left alone, for a while watched his retreating figure.

She had forgotten her devotions; the rosary had dropped from between her fingers. Far away in the convent chapel the monks were chanting the last "Ave Maria." "Pray for us sinners," they sang, and the little bell had ceased tolling, the sound of the organ was dying away—a look of unutterable, hopeless despair softened the lonely woman's face.

"Now and at the hour of death," she prayed; and, falling on her knees, she sobbed bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

How Sergius Kousmenski spent the remainder of that day he scarcely knew.

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He found his servants anxious about him, wondering where His Excellency could thus have spent a whole night.

His harsh severity against the inhabitants had rendered him an object of fear and almost hatred in the Polish city, and it was a very likely thing, if he chanced to be out alone at night, that some desperate patriot might succeed in ridding Poland of her dreaded governor.

But, even with an aching heart and a throbbing brain, duty must be gone through, and Sergius lived through that weary day—and waited for the night. The Trappist monastery lay two or three miles distant from the governor's palace, and yet in Sergius' ears, during that long day, there incessantly tolled the soft-toned bell of the Angelus.

When all was dark and quiet again within the city walls, Sergius Kousmenski went out—out through the gates, across the fields beyond which lay that convent chapel bathed in the moonlight.

The night was far advanced, and it was with a thrill of satisfaction that Sergius saw that the stained-glass windows were lighted up from within.

He pushed open the heavy panelled door, which was never closed on those who wished to enter for rest, meditation, or prayer. The little chapel at first seemed quite deserted, and Sergius paused, wondering, till presently at the foot of the altar to the Virgin he spied the Trappist kneeling.

He was a middle-aged man, his face worn, thin, and pale from long fasts and vigils. Sergius looked at him long; at him who must know all. Would he speak?

The convent rules are rigid, Sergius knew. From the day that the final vows are taken, the Trappist monks' lips are sealed forever; complete silence shuts them out from all intercourse with mankind, and that silence may only be broken in order to give the prescribed greeting to each other as they pass: "Memento mori." All other words may only be addressed to God or his saints, in prayer.

Sergius knew this, and yet he crossed the chapel aisle, and touching the kneeling monk on the shoulder he said:

"Father, I would speak with you."

The monk looked toward him, and for an instant a look of wonder crossed his impassive features; but it was a mere flash; he turned his eyes again heavenward, and continued counting his beads.

"Father, a broken-hearted man seeks comfort at your hands; won't you speak to him?"

"Memento mori," muttered the monk half audibly.

"Aye! I remember!" said Sergius, drearily. "But before I die I will know the truth. Is it wrong to seek for truth?"

The monk seemed to have forgotten his presence; he was saying his beads devoutly, all absorbed.

"Father," again said Sergius, "I wish to speak about Olga Kriwenko. What was she doing in this chapel last night?"

The monk once more turned toward Sergius. There was a wistful tenderness in his sunken eyes, but he was still fingering his beads, and his lips still murmured endless Ave Marias.

"Monk, whoever thou art," said Sergius, "if thou art a man, answer me. What dost thou know of Olga?"

He might as well have been talking to one of the stone images round the chapel walls. The monk remained silent and prayed.

Then the untamed Tartar blood rushed wildly to Sergius' head. He looked with eyes of hatred at the fanatic monk, and, drawing a short dagger from his belt, he let it glimmer in the low lamp-light.

"What did Olga do in this chapel last night?" he hissed in the monk's ear. "Remember, man, thy life is in my hands."

The monk looked at the knife with contempt, at Sergius with pity.

"Memento mori," was his sole answer.

He made no attempt to defend his life, but, when he felt the stab and felt his blood beginning to flow, with his hands and his robe he tried to staunch the wound, so that he should not pollute the Virgin's

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HE LAID THE MONK IN ONE OF THE GRAVES

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altar. But his lips remained sealed to the end. To the end the Trappist had kept his vow.

Sergius took him up in his arms, horror-struck at what he had done, and carried him out of the chapel to the little cemetery beyond. He laid the monk in one of the graves, and, being a devout Catholic, he knelt by its side and recited some prayers for the dead. Then he left him, and walked away across the fields.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a cruel time that now followed. A fresh Polish conspiracy had been discovered, and His Excellency, Sergius Kousmenski, the governor, was more pitiless than ever toward those that fell into the clutches of the Russian police.

A woman, one Olga Kriwenko by name, was implicated in the plot. The governor heard that she was young and beautiful, and that she even succeeded in softening the hearts of her jailers. Many an influential person pleaded for her life, but the governor refused to listen, and ordered that she should be shot the next morning, along with the others; and he also ordered that the Angelus should be rung from the Trappist convent chapel at the hour of their death.

People heard this curious decision, and wondered if His Excellency was really sane. He hardly knew himself, but he thought that if he once heard the Angelus sound together with that volley of musketry it would cease to haunt him as it had done for all these long days.

And when night came he wandered once more toward the convent chapel. Nothing seemed altered in the peaceful little house of God. A monk—was it the same?—was kneeling before the altar. Sergius sat in the chapel he knew not how long. The hours seemed so wearying. Would dawn never come? Dawn, when she would die, she who had broken his heart while quietly telling her beads.

The chapel seemed oppressive. He wandered out and into the little cemetery toward the spot where that open grave had been that night, which now held the body of the Trappist who would not speak.

Sergius had some difficulty in finding the exact spot; it had been levelled in this short while, and no crosses or stones mark the graves of the Trappists. Suddenly he paused; at his feet, over some newly trodden earth, something white was gleaming; it was a piece of paper pinned to the earth by a dagger.

Sergius stooped to look. He could read the words, stained by mud and rain though they were:

"To His Excellency, the Governor of Warsaw, if he should chance to pass this way."

Feverishly Sergius pulled out the knife and unfolded the paper. It contained a few scribbled lines written by a feeble hand:

"Sergius Kousmenski, I could not speak to thee in life, let me speak in death. My moments are numbered; thy dagger did its work well, but not quite so well as thou hadst thought. I forgive thee my death. Forgive Olga Kriwenko; her sins were not against thee. Poland needed money; she undertook to find it. She alone knows how she succeeded. The man she saw here was her brother. To him she gave the money. Go thou, and on thy knees ask her pardon for having suspected her purity."

The paper dropped from Sergius' hand. A look of joy and hope illumined his face. All was not yet lost. Thank God! Thank God! She still lived.

At that moment the first sound of the Angelus came from within the convent chapel, and the monks once more began to chant "Ave Maria!"

"No! no! Stop! stop! in the name of God, wait!"

Wait! Who should wait? Time or eternity?

"Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death!"

And a distant volley of musketry rent the still night air.

Sergius Kousmenski fell forward on his face, and buried his head in the dust.

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SETTLED FOR THE NIGHT.

A FAITHFUL FOSTER-MOTHER.

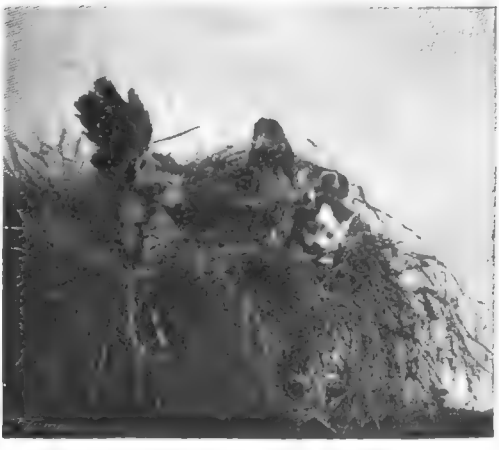
By Lewis Stevens.

In all branches of animal and bird life the foster-mother is to be found, and there have been many family gatherings quite as strange and unusual as "the wolf and the lamb feeding together, and the lion lying down with the ox." But, without doubt, one of the most remarkable instances of a creature fostering the young of an entirely different species was that of which many of our readers may have heard recently.

Early in October, a cat and five kittens were found one morning comfortably ensconced in the hayloft of a stable at Brockenhurst. They were not wanted there, and so the men about the place removed the happy family to a crib in the stall where a broody but persistent hen had been for many days sitting upon some china eggs.

All went well at first, and the little party seemed comfortable enough, but before long sounds of a struggle were heard, and the cat left her little ones with a good deal of haste; in fact, she gave every indica-

THESE TROUBLESOME CHILDREN WILL RISE EARLY.



WHY, THERE'S ONE KITTEN MISSING.

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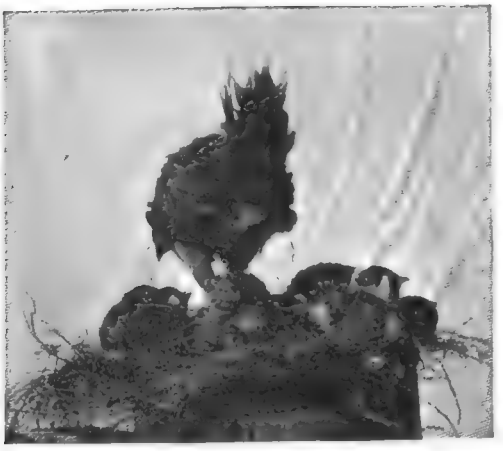

WHERE IS THAT MISSING KITTEN?

matronly abilities in keeping the little creatures well within bounds. Sometimes, while attending to one side of her nest, a kitten would stray from the others. But the foster-mother was not to be so evaded. The loss would soon become known to the hen, and she would at once leave her place and search till she found the truant, and persuaded it by pushing and other means within her power to return to the old homestead.

Of course it was necessary that the cat should be allowed to approach her offspring from time to time, in order to exercise her right and privileges as the actual mother of the kittens on such occasions, but the hen had to be forcibly removed, and

tion of having been wonderfully helped in her exit from the new homestead.

An investigation was at once made by the stablemen, who found to their astonishment that the broody hen had taken up her place as a foster-mother of the kittens. She was not to be turned out of her nest, and had soon settled differences with the cat.

But she by no means extended her resentment to the tiny kittens. They to her were as dear as the chickens which she could *not* hatch from the china eggs, try she never so hard.

She would coo to them and do her best to amuse them, and, when they became restless, she did not fail to exercise her

ALL SAFE AGAIN.

WHO SAID CAT?

the door barred against her. No sooner, however, was it opened again than the hen would drive out the cat and resume her place as head of the household.

At night the hen spread her wings over the little animals just as though they were chickens, and certainly they seemed to like the cosey warmth of their feathered quilt.

Our readers will appreciate the splendid photographs which we are able to publish by the courtesy of Miss Edith Batt—truly the most curious photographs of animal and bird life ever seen.

Although other birds often act the part of foster-mother to broods of an alien species, the common fowl seems particularly adapted for such a peculiar office.

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Professor Thimblechick's Crime

By Maud Coleborn.

I.

To begin with, the commission was an absurd one. I knew nothing whatever about diamonds, and was therefore quite incompetent to choose "the handsomest necklace to be got for love or money." Moreover, Uncle Dick's parting injunction to remember it was to grace the neck of "the finest woman in Europe" left me, as the French say, "completely cold." I did not admire the lady of mature charms who had succeeded in enslaving his elderly affections.

I had always looked upon Uncle Dick as an old bachelor, not from interested motives, because, thank Heaven! I had no need to wish for dead men's shoes, but because, though a jolly old boy in the main, he had bachelor ways, and, above all, a hobby. Uncle Dick's hobby took the form of bones. Somehow the idea of matrimony seemed out of keeping with the numerous skeletons that occupied the cupboards and shelves in Uncle Dick's study. My imagination refused to picture "the finest woman in Europe" listening patiently to Uncle Dick's dissertation on the fossil vertebræ of some extinct bird or beast, and still less could I picture her sitting complacently by while Uncle Dick signed a handsome check in exchange for some unique skeleton. Uncle Dick's scientific enthusiasm had, however, already shown signs of abatement. A valuable fossil of some unpronounceable prehistoric lizard had come into the market. Uncle Dick and Professor Thimblechick had been wrangling over the subject for years, and the former had commissioned me to pay the dealer anything rather than lose the chance of buying it. On the very day I received Uncle Dick's commission about the necklace I had seen the precious fossil and had wired Uncle Dick the dealer's price. The reply was characteristic of the changed state of affairs: "Purchase of fossil can stand over. Be sure and bring diamonds."

Not being accustomed to travel with several hundreds of pounds' worth of jewels among my personal luggage, I took my seat in the Northborough express with the determination of securing their safety at the risk of any amount of personal discomfort. I accordingly settled myself in the corner of a compartment, and, sitting bolt upright, wedged the black bag containing the diamond necklace firmly between my knees.

As I sat idly watching the hurrying throng of passengers, I was struck by the rather curious figure of an elderly man, who was evidently waiting for a tardy travelling companion. He was a little man, with a grizzled beard and wrinkled face that suggested a shrivelled apple from which the juice has long since been drained.

He spent the time in trotting to and fro between the compartment in which I sat and the entrance to the station, now and again giving an anxious glance at the clock.

The guard had just unfurled his green flag, when a girl jumped from a hansom and came running down the platform. The wizened little man thrust her unceremoniously into the carriage, scrambled in after her, and in another moment the train had glided from the platform.

"Uncle Christopher, I'm so sorry," she panted; "I had no idea I was running

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it so fine; but the road was up, you know, and——"

"It generally is!" came the reply, in something between a growl and a croak, from the old man, who was busily arranging his small luggage with the precision of an elderly spinster.

"As for running it fine, you are always doing it," he continued, as he settled himself in a corner with his newspaper.

Running it fine was certainly a becoming process if one might judge from the glowing cheeks and bright eyes of the girl in the corner. She was very, very pretty—a perfect Hebe, in blue serge and a becoming hat. Her eyes were brown, I thought, but could not decide the point to my own satisfaction, though I took advantage of the outspread *Field* to glance more than once in her direction. They were beautiful, anyway, in spite of a suggestion of anxiety in their depths as she glanced from time to time at Uncle Christopher.

He certainly was rather a trying travelling companion; first he dropped his newspaper, then his spectacles; then he jumped up to open the window, remarking what a warm day it was. I acquiesced, smiling, though the month was March and a keen wind was blowing from the north-east. Then he shivered, and the window was closed again, and at last, muffled up in his rug, he had just subsided into a doze when the train rounded a sharp curve. The wizened little man was jerked like a parched pea on to my knees, the bag and newspaper were sent flying under the seat, and my nose came in sharp and rather unpleasant contact with Uncle Christopher's intellectual forehead. He was so genuinely distressed at the little contretemps, apologized so profusely, and was so energetic in diving under the seat to restore my property that we were in imminent danger of knocking our heads together for the second time.

As I stooped to restore his rugs, I caught a little gleam of girlish amusement in the brown eyes opposite, giving place almost immediately to genuine anxiety as she glanced at the older man's pale, perturbed face.

"Are you ill, Uncle dear?" she said gently.

The old man waved her away testily, and rolling himself once more in his rug, composed himself for another nap, which lasted till the train slowed down for the first stop.

"Exeby, Exeby," shouted the guard, and the little man started to his feet and began feverishly collecting his luggage.

"Come, Daisy, make haste, make haste, or we shall miss the connection!" he said impatiently.

"But, Uncle, this is only Exeby, and we shall have twice as long to wait——"

The sentence was drowned in an exclamation of irritability from the old man, as he struggled with his rug and umbrella, holding his bag tightly under one arm all the while.

HE WAS A LITTLE MAN WITH A GRIZZLED BEARD.

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"Allow me to relieve you of your bag," I said, stretching out my hand.

"No, confound you! No, sir," said the eccentric little man, as he stumbled clumsily on to the platform, leaving his companion to follow. The girl paused a moment, flushing painfully.

"Pray, pray excuse his seeming rudeness," she said hurriedly; "I can't understand it. Uncle is eccentric, I know, but I never saw him rude before. You will pardon it, I hope?"

I think my expression, even more than my reply, must have reassured her; for with a grateful glance from the pretty brown eyes and a softly murmured "Thank you," she was gone.

WITH A SOFTLY MURMURED "THANK YOU," SHE WAS GONE.

II.

"LOCAL train a little late, sir, I'm afraid," said Uncle Dick's butler, civilly, as he relieved me of my coat.

"Yes, confound it. I suppose the dressing bell has gone?"

"Yes, sir, about ten minutes ago. Master's compliments, and he would like to see you in the library before dinner for a few moments, if you can be ready in time."

"Oh, all right, I'll manage it! Any one here, Beeston?"

"Only Professor Thimblechick and his niece, sir. But Miss Strangways arrives to-morrow."

From the expression of Beeston's usually imperturbable countenance, I gathered that Beeston by no means shared Uncle Dick's enthusiasm with regard to the "finest woman in Europe." I wondered what would have been the faithful retainer's feelings had he known that in the small black bag, which I deposited so carefully on my dressing-table, was a diamond necklace destined to adorn that lady, the value of which would have purchased the "Red Lion," in Great Mirfield, goodwill and all.

I dressed quickly, and, taking the precious black bag in my hand, ran down to the library.

"Very glad to see you, my boy," said Uncle cordially. "Ah! I see you have brought the diamonds," he added, eyeing the bag with interest.

"The price was rather a stiff one," said I, as I carefully selected a key from the bunch in my hand.

"Never mind the price, my boy; women like these things, and, you know, when the finest woman in Eu— Good heavens, man, what's the matter?" almost shouted Uncle Dick, as he gazed first at me and then at the bag, which had fallen on the carpet.

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"LOCAL TRAIN A LITTLE LATE, SIR, I'M AFRAID," SAID UNCLE DICK'S BUTLER.

"The diamonds are gone—must have been stolen," I said, pointing in a dazed fashion to the contents of the bag, which had rolled out in every direction.

Uncle Dick was on his knees by this time, feverishly unwrapping one after another of the rolls of soft paper that strewed the hearth-rug, and which contained pebbles—common or garden pebbles!

For a moment Uncle Dick and I stared at each other in speechless consternation; then in a flash the truth dawned upon me.

"It must have been that confounded old fossil in the train," I said furiously.

"Fossil?" repeated Uncle Dick, in still greater bewilderment.

In a few moments I had given him a sketch of the old man's eccentric behavior, and we had mutually decided that the wily old thief had taken advantage of the confusion occasioned by his falling against me to substitute one bag for the other.

"And the girl was an accomplice, of course," said Uncle Dick.

"Oh, no," I vehemently protested. "At least she didn't look it," I added lamely.

"Humph! I suppose she was pretty?"

"Very," said I, decidedly.

"I thought so," rejoined Uncle Dick, somewhat emphatically.

A pause.

"The best way would be for me to go straight back to town and investigate the matter," said I.

"No train after 8.30," said Uncle Dick, "and you couldn't catch that. Better send a groom to Great Mirfield with a wire to Scotland Yard giving a description of the thieves, and then we can both go up to town to-morrow by the early train. I shall have to apologize to my old friend, Professor Thimblechick, but——"

"If you please, sir, dinner is served, and the Professor and Miss Thimblechick are in the drawing-room," said Beeston, at this juncture, in a tone that was a discreet mixture of reproach and deference.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Uncle Dick, "they will think me very rude! Rupert, you will join us in the dining-room as soon as you have sent the wire."

And without waiting for a reply, Uncle Dick hurried from the room.

III.

WHEN I entered the dining-room some ten minutes later it was to find Uncle Dick in the midst of a description of the loss of the diamonds. "The only way of accounting for their disappearance," he was saying, "is to conjecture that the other occupants of the compartment—Ah, here you are, my boy. Let me introduce my nephew to you, Miss Thimblechick. Professor, this is Rupert. What? You have already met?"

"We travelled down from town together," said Miss Thimblechick, "and I am afraid Uncle and I were rather tiresome travelling companions, were we not, Mr. Brentwood?"

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I murmured something unintelligible while Uncle Dick exclaimed excitedly, "Then you must have noticed the other occupants of the carriage! A rather wizened——"

At this juncture Uncle Dick came to a dead stop in obedience to a vigorous and well-directed kick which I succeeded in administering, accompanied by a warning look, as I said, turning to the butler:

"By the way, Beeston, I don't think I will bother sending that wire to-night."

"I beg pardon, sir, but it has already gone," said Beeston imperturbably.

"Gone?" I echoed blankly, "but—"

The rest of the sentence was drowned in a hurried exclamation from Uncle Dick.

"Good heavens, Professor, are you ill?" said he anxiously, glancing at Professor Thimblechick, whose face during the last few moments had grown positively livid.

"No—no, I'm not ill," protested the little man, "I'm just a little faint, that's all. If you will excuse me, I think I will go and lie down." And murmuring incoherent remarks on the weather and the effects of an unusually long journey, Professor Thimblechick, accompanied by Beeston, retired to his room.

A couple of hours later I was returning to my room after a last pipe with Uncle Dick, when the door of the Professor's room opened softly and Miss Thimblechick, in a long, graceful gown, stood before me.

"The Professor is not worse, I hope?" I was beginning anxiously, when, to my astonishment, instead of answering, she placed her finger on her lip, closed the door quickly behind her, and beckoning me to follow, glided into the embrasure of a bay window that stood at the end of the corridor.

She looked very beautiful, standing there in her white draperies, a shaft of moonlight lending an almost unearthly radiance to her delicate face. She was evidently nervous, as the fluttering of the filmy laces at her throat amply testified, as she said in a quick whisper:

"Mr. Brentwood, I want to speak to you about—about the diamonds."

"The diamonds?" I echoed, amazedly. "You don't mean to say you know who stole——"

"No, no," she interrupted hurriedly, "they were not stolen—it was all a mistake, they—they are here," suddenly producing my bag, which she held among the pendent folds of her long gown. "See, here is the necklace," holding up the diamonds for my inspection.

"But how—how did you find them?" I stammered, staring at the gems flashing in the moonlight and then at the girl's pale, perturbed face.

"I—I found them in Uncle Christopher's room," said she, with a little gasp; then added, "Oh, no, no, he didn't take them; at least he took them by mistake."

Then suddenly dropping the necklace and seizing my hand, "Mr. Brentwood," she said, "I know I can trust you."

I gave the little hand a reassuring squeeze, after which I conveniently forgot to relinquish it, while she went on in a hurried whisper.

"You know Uncle Christopher's mania for bones and fossils and things? Well, it seems you had been first in the field as Sir Richard's deputy in securing a certain fossil that Uncle Christopher was writing a treatise about. The dealer declared he had practically sold it to your uncle, who, as you know, has been Uncle Christopher's scientific rival for a long time. Poor dear Uncle was in a terrible state; he only wanted the fossil for a few hours to verify some theory that would enable him to finish his treatise. He was just going to the dealer to make him an absurdly large offer when he met you coming out of the shop with a bag, which he immediately concluded contained the fossil, and, without waiting to think, he followed you to your cab and heard you give the direction to the Northborough terminus. He was on his way there himself, where I was to meet him, when suddenly an insane idea came into his head. He rushed into a shop, bought a little black bag exactly like the one you were carrying, and—well, you know the rest. When Uncle Christopher

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opened the bag and found that instead of the fossil the bag contained these diamonds, he was, of course, horribly distressed."

"Of course," I answered, smiling, "though many people would have considered the mistake——"

"Yes, yes, it was a mistake, a series of absurd mistakes, wasn't it, Mr. Brentwood? And you can manage to explain them all right, can you not?" she added, with a world of entreaty in her brown eyes.

"Nothing could be easier," I assured her; and was hastening to add some remark more relevant to the moonlight than to the matter in hand when, with a hurried "Thank you, Mr. Brentwood, thank you a thousand times!" she was gone and I was left staring at the necklace in my hand.

The next day I meekly presented it to Uncle Dick as the result of what he considers to this day was a very clever piece of work on my part with the aid of the best detectives in London.

"OH, NO, HE WON'T," SAID DAISY, DISMALLY; "HE'S DREADFUL ON THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE."

IV.

"But, Rupert, what will Uncle Christopher say?"

It was three weeks later, and Daisy Thimblechick and I were seated—with a conscientious regard for economy of space—in the window seat at the end of the long corridor.

"What should Uncle Christopher say, except 'Bless you, my children'?" I rejoined, smiling.

"Oh, no, he won't," said Daisy, dismally; "he's dreadful on the subject of marriage. He says——"

"My darling," I interrupted, "I bet you ten to one in kisses that Uncle Christopher gives his consent in ten minutes. Is it a bargain?"

Daisy nodded, any other reply being impossible under the circumstances.

Ten minutes later I was again at her side.

"Well?" said Daisy breathlessly.

"I have Uncle Christopher's unqualified consent," said I, taking her hand. "I produced a certain black bag you know of, containing——"

"Not the fossil?"

"Yes, the fossil; which I begged he would accept. Now, touching that bet of ours, Daisy?"

"Bets made on a certainty don't count," said Daisy, severely.

"You're right," said I, "the bet was in kisses, and—we—won't—count—them."

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A TRIP IN LUZON.

By Ramon Reyes Lala.

Editor's Note.—Mr. Ramon Reyes Lala is a Filipino of that mingled Malaysian and Caucasian blood that produces most of the intelligent, cultured, and energetic people of the Philippines. His family being one of the wealthiest in the islands, he was educated in Hongkong, and finally sent to England, where he graduated at St. John's College, London. Shortly after his return to Manila after graduation, he became involved in one of the many fruitless revolts against Spanish authority. Orders for his arrest were issued, but he succeeded in escaping to the mountains of the interior, and, after a month of hardship, was smuggled aboard a sailing vessel, in which he came to New York. He has since resided in this country, and has been naturalized as an American citizen. For the past year he has devoted most of his time to writing and lecturing on the Philippines and their problems, and is most emphatic in his opinion of the desirability of American guardianship over his native islands. He is the author of "The Philippine Islands," a volume published by the Continental Publishing Co., of New York City, through the courtesy of which company some of the following illustrations have been reproduced.

I can offer no better advice to all whom pleasure or business may lead to the far-off city of Manila than that they take a speedy journey up the winding Pasig River; that tortuous connecting-link between two great bodies of water, Bay Lake and Manila Bay.

There are many points along the Pasig which are veritable dreams of beauty. On all sides one gazes on groves of the lofty and graceful bamboo, the tall and leaf-crowned cocoanut palm, the broad-leaved plantain, and all the wonderful variety and luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Flowers and leaves alike are rich and gorgeous in form and tint, while for hours the eye may gaze unsated on their beauty and variety. I name here the Pasig, from its ease of access, and from the fact that I propose to take the reader with me in a journey up its waters; yet it may truly be said that Luzon is almost everywhere a glow of luxuriance and bloom, varied in every locality by change from mountain to plain, from soil to stream, from field to forest, but at a thousand points presenting the richest aspects of tropical beauty, the most delightful groupings of nature's charms.

As I think of the beauties of my native country I recall a holiday trip up the Pasig River that I made some years ago. An account of it may serve to picture in

CANE BRIDGE AND COCOANUT GROVE, ALBAY.

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miniature the region that all America is now regarding with curiosity and interest.

There are two methods by which one may ascend the Pasig—or might have done so at the time of which I speak—by steamer and by "casco." At that period a little, wheezing steamer was advertised to start every morning at seven from Manila for the lake ports. But a half-hour's grace for late arrivals could always be counted on, the captain being much too kind-hearted to start while a single expectant passenger was in sight. Or one might take slow passage on a casco—this word signifying a clumsy, square-ended, flat-bottomed Noah's ark of a boat, spreading sails of matting on its low masts to catch the wind, and poled along if the wind should fail.

It was a bright spring morning when my journey began. I had chosen the steamer in preference to the prosing casco, and—being "to the manner born"—reached the wharf a half-hour late, heedless of the warning whistles from the boat that came once or twice to my belated ears. I found the Isabella serenely awaiting my approach.

As we swung out from the quay, and the little craft began her puffing course upstream, I looked round on a scene very familiar to me, yet one well worth describing. The Pasig, flowing between the old town and the new, the ancient walled citadel and the modern mart of trade, presents at all seasons an aspect of incessant activity. Hosts of busy craft of every size and shape move upon its waters, from the lumbering, laden casco, poled laboriously in from the bay by half-naked Malay deck-hands, to smaller craft of every variety. These include large native dug-outs, shaped from great tree-trunks, and conveying freight from up-stream; and smaller boats of the same character, provided with outriggers and used for passenger conveyance. Ferry-boats, moving briskly up and down stream, thread the maze and add to the incessant movement,

THE VOLCANO OF MAYON, PROVINCE OF ALBAY: THE SCENE OF SEVERAL DESTRUCTIVE ERUPTIONS AND EARTHQUAKES.

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the scene being at all times a very animated one.

Manila Bay is not far separated from the great inland body of water which the Pasig drains. The river is only fourteen miles long. In width it averages something over a hundred yards, and its depth varies from three to twenty-five feet. Ordinarily a sufficiently staid and well-behaved stream, in the rainy season it loses this reputation, coming in a flood from the lake to the lower-lying city, obliterating many of the bends in its course, and spreading into a lagoon at its lake outlet. The city itself, at that season, fairly earns the title of the "Venice of the East," the many creeks and canals which traverse it being swollen to overflowing. The native quarter of Tondo is converted into a lake, the water washing freely beneath the dwellings, which stand six or eight feet high on piles, while the streets become streams in which all traffic is conducted in boats. The great inland basin from which this flood comes down, the Laguna de Bay, is twenty-five miles in length by twenty-one in breadth, and has an area of 350 square miles. Its deepest parts rarely descend to a depth of more than four fathoms, while much of it is quite shallow, so that craft of light draught are needed for its navigation.

By the time we were fairly under way on the Pasig the hour was nearer eight than seven. But this was the loitering East, where time moves on at its own sweet will; not the busy West, where time has the fashion of flying. Even the European is apt to lose there the instinct of hurry, and the Spanish *mañana* seems native to the soil. Up-stream the boat throbbed on, more noisily than swiftly, deftly seeking a course through the throng of river craft to the clearer reaches above. On the left we passed the fine palace of the governor-general, with its superb gardens, rich with the choicest blooms of the East. Other edifices were passed, among them the handsome building of the European Club and many attractive private mansions. On the right as we went on appeared a succession

A STREET SCENE, MANILA.

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of suburban villages, each a scene of rural beauty, some being groups of bamboo huts half lost in palms and plantains, others made up of the more pretentious dwellings of well-to-do merchants of Manila.

One cannot go far on the Pasig without taking notice of its leading industry. He has it thrust upon him at every turn in the stream. It is the paradise of the duck. Ducklings hatched by artificial heat are to be seen everywhere in multitudes, there being scarcely a cottage with a river-front without its *patero*, or duckery. This is especially the case at the village of Pateros, which derives its name from this industry, and where ducks fill the stream in seemingly countless numbers.

As we passed along, the fondness of the natives for water was everywhere to be seen, men, women, and children bathing together at every convenient point, shouting and laughing in their glee as the steamer went by. Their love of water was shared by their favorite beast of burden, the buffalo, which bathed with them, ending its bath with a roll in the mud, and coming up thickly caked with an insect-defying coating. At other places was to be seen a group of women washing clothes, or a canoe-load of men fishing, dipping their hand-nets deep into the stream. Another industry native to the locality was the gathering of sand from the river-bed for use in Manila as a mortar-making material. It is obtained in the most primitive manner, men diving down with baskets and filling them with sand, to be drawn up and emptied into their anchored canoes.

On entering the lake the chief charm of the voyage vanished, that of the beautiful scenery of the Pasig. Our course lay down the west coast, which was low and flat, a broad plain passing off towards the bay. To the east low mountain ranges rose, and far away high peaks could be discerned, but too distant to add much to the attractiveness of the landscape. In this quarter, on the opposite side of a small peninsula, lies the town of Morong, the scene of a late warlike movement by Generals Lawton and Hall. The peninsula to the west has gained a place on the historic page within very recent times; its bay-side as the scene of Dewey's victory, while inland took place some of the hardest fights with the Filipino bands.

The afternoon was not far advanced when the Isabella came to the end of her course at the bamboo-built wharf of Santa Cruz.

Santa Cruz, once known only to the Filipino and the Spaniard, has become historical during the present year. The first naval expedition on Laguna de Bay paused there long enough to throw a few shells ashore, needlessly enough, one may well think, since there were no men to follow up the shells. At a later date General Lawton landed and captured the town—not without some hard fighting. As it proved, this expedition was as useless as the former, for the place had to be abandoned, the Americans having no men to spare for garrison duty in outlying towns.

There is little to retain a visitor long in Santa Cruz. I found the afternoon and night quite enough to satisfy my curiosity, and early the next day I was off in a *carromata* for Pagsanjan, the old capital of the province.

What I wished to see in Pagsanjan was the method of making sugar in the southern section of Luzon, which may fairly claim the credit of producing the very worst sugar on the face of the earth. In some parts of the islands modern methods have been introduced, and steam mills and vacuum pans are to be seen, but here most of the planters retain the exceedingly primitive Chinese method introduced centuries ago.

The cutting and grinding of the cane were now going on briskly, and the proprietor was willing enough to show me the whole process. Nothing could have been more out of accord with modern progressive ideas. A pair of lumbering buffaloes, harnessed abreast, supplied the motive power, trudging on with painful deliberation, except when now and then touched up with a rattan in the hands of their childish attendant. Then would come a sudden start, a jerk that threatened to dislocate

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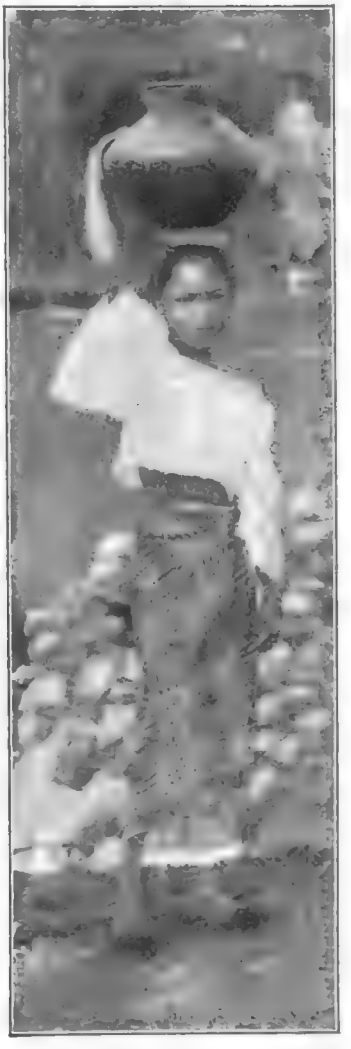
the crazy mill, and a quick return to the old easy-going pace.

The crushing was done by stone rollers, the teeth of the gear-wheels being made of molave wood. A bamboo canal carried away the juice, such of it as was not left in the half-squeezed cane, which retains nearly two-thirds of the whole. The boiling was done in Chinese pans, ranged side by side in a pit, the sun-dried waste cane, or megass, furnishing the only fuel used. From the pans the boiled juice is ladled into pilons or pots of burnt clay, through which the molasses drains slowly into receptacles below, passing through a straw filter that closes a hole in the bottom. The drainage completed, the canes of sugar, light at top and black at bottom, are broken up on *farderias*, or drying grounds; the sugar when dry being mixed so as to obtain a uniform color. In this way most of the sugar shipped from Manila to the United States and England is prepared.



A NATIVE HOUSEWIFE AT HER DUTIES.

But this process is a civilized one compared to that which I saw later on in Batangas province on native plantations. There the idea of drainage does not exist, and the juice is boiled until it becomes a black, pasty mass, repugnant in appearance. This is ladled from the pans into a shed, and a mud wall built to retain it as the heap grows in height. The wall has its commercial importance, for a considerable part of it is designedly mixed with the sugar when it is sent to market, with the purpose of selling mud for sugar. This delectable compound forms the Taal sugar of commerce, the town of Taal being its market centre.

Packed in bags made of matting, the sugar is carted to the coast, the molasses dripping slowly into the road from the lurching carts. On reaching Manila the worn-out bags are replaced by new ones, which are loaded into the holds of vessels bound for Europe. Throughout the voyage dripping goes on, the mats being usually ground to powder. On opening the hold there is often found a solid mass of black sugar with its complement of mud, the whole so compact that it can only be got out by the free use of pick and shovel. The loss of weight is considerable, and is divided between the shippers.

It is a sheer waste of words to try to induce the natives to introduce better processes. There are many steam mills near Taal, but their example is lost on the Filipinos. Indeed, my Pagsanjan planter was not without a reason for his clinging to the old in preference to adopting the new, and it may have its moral for the American manufacturer.

"If I should put in one of your new mills and it should break down, what would I do? Where would I get it mended?" he asked. "I am not rich enough to afford a machinist, and cannot risk letting my cane dry up while I send the broken part away to be repaired. If this mill should break down, wood is plentiful, and my men can easily mend it. You see I have to put up with the waste."

Sugar is but one of the products of the

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province in which I found myself. Cocoanut-oil is as important in its way, the palm being grown here in great plantations and the fruit all used for oil-extraction. The oil factories were everywhere about me, and hardly a day passed during my visit that I did not see one or more of them in operation. These factories are by no means elaborate erections. They consist of a few posts supporting a roof of the nipa-palm leaf, with bamboo sides. The process is as simple as the factory. The nuts, after drying for a time on the floor, are cut in half and each section pressed on an iron scraper, which is worked by a foot-treadle. The thin shavings of the white fruit fall into a box below, whence they are taken to be subjected to pressure under heavy wooden blocks. This extracts a good part of the oil, and the remainder is obtained by boiling the compressed mass in water, the oil rising to the surface, from which it is skimmed off.

Not much of this oil is shipped abroad, but to the natives it is indispensable. It is their universal lamp-oil. The usual method of burning it is in a glass or cup half full of water, on which the oil floats. In this a wick is suspended by a strip of tin. The oil is also used to some extent for cooking, and largely to lubricate machinery, though it is far from a good lubricant. In Europe, where it becomes solid, soap and candles are made of cocoanut-oil, but it is usually a liquid in the tropics.

From Pagsanjan my route lay towards Majayjay, a town to which I was drawn by a celebrated waterfall not far distant. The town itself is a very picturesque one. It stands on high ground, far above the lake level, and is cut in various directions by a series of deep clefts, filled with foliage and crossed by stone bridges. The church is a fine old edifice, and from it a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained.

The road from Majayjay to Botocan Falls, the scenic marvel which had led me to that locality, proved to be a mountain track of the roughest description. Wheels were impossible, and the ponies we rode had to pick their way painfully through a series of rounded stones which thickly covered the roadway and rolled perilously beneath their feet. Now up, now down, went the road, nowhere level, but at every point presenting lovely views of tropical foliage—palms, ferns, and a thousand other plants, all growing in the greatest luxuriance. Many streams crossed the way, the deeper ones bridged with bamboo. Altogether, despite the plague of stones, I found the journey delightful.

As we went on a distant murmur came to our ears, which strengthened as we progressed, until, as we ascended a steep pathway, it swelled into the sound of falling or rushing water. We had not much farther to go. In a few minutes we found ourselves suddenly in presence of the famous cataract, which loomed in all its beauty and grandeur before our eyes, charmingly framed in by the light green of the tropics.

The stream is about sixty feet in width, and tumbles over a precipitous cliff in one grand sheet, pouring down into an abyss not less than six hundred feet in depth. The roar of its descent was thunderous, the water breaking into spray as it neared the bottom, and sending upward a continuous cloud of mist. I found the scene a fascinating one, alike in the grandeur of the fall and the tumultuous hurry with which the stream fled away from its place of torment. Unluckily, the solar rays poured down too freely on our unsheltered heads for a long stay, and we were soon forced reluctantly to tear ourselves away from this wonder of nature's handiwork.

My visit to the waterfall probably had its share in hastening my footsteps southward towards what is in many respects the most remarkable marvel of nature in the islands. This is the celebrated Taal volcano, named after the town of that name. In 1754 the volcano, ably assisted by an earthquake, levelled the town, and since then Taal has cautiously withdrawn itself to a hill-top location, where it nestles in the midst of forests and sugar plantations.

The volcano is remarkably situated on

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a small island in the middle of a large fresh-water lake, known as Bombon or Bongbong, a hundred square miles in area. It has, besides, the distinction of being the lowest volcano in the world, its height above sea-level being not more than 850 feet. The tradition is that the lake was formed during a terrible eruption in 1700, and that a lofty mountain, 8,000 or 9,000

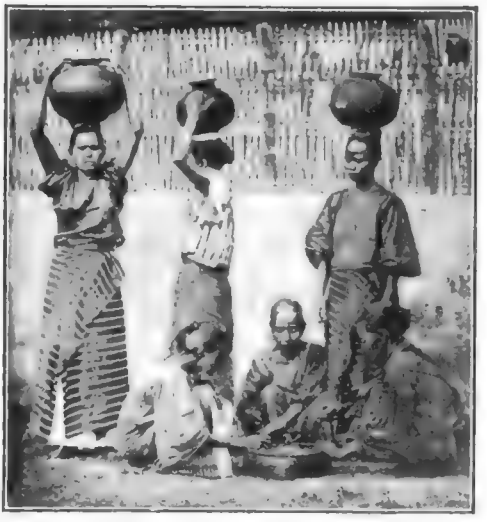
A PHILIPPINE HOME OF THE BETTER CLASS.

feet high, was at the same time blown to atoms. This has the doubtfulness of all traditions, but there have been a number of destructive eruptions since that date, notably in 1716, 1749, and 1754.

It was evening when I and two companions who had volunteered to go with me to the volcano reached Pansipit River, the outlet for the waters of the lake to the sea. There we found sorry accommodations for the night, and were glad to start at an early hour of the next day by boat for the lake. The waters of the latter were reached not long after sunrise. The island with its volcanic cup now lay clearly visible before us, some seven miles away, made impressively evident by a vast cloud of smoke or steam that rose high in the air above the spot, and at the summit spread widely out, in shape like a huge umbrella.

We passed over to the island, and ascended to the rim of the cup, after much difficulty. There a striking spectacle lay before our eyes. Before us yawned an immense mountain cup, a mile at least in diameter and some eight hundred feet in vertical depth. Its walls were almost perpendicular, and seemed in a hundred places crossed with yawning crevices. Within this huge cup rose a smaller crater, with shattered wall, from a cone at whose southern end a volume of vapor constantly poured, ascending cloudlike high into the air, and spreading like a mighty banner over the scene.

The strangest feature of the spectacle, however, was a group of lakelets on the main crater floor. One of these was of a mud color, but the two others were of remarkable hues, one being of an intense yellow, the other a green of the most brilliant emerald hue. These seemed founts of inner fire, they boiling steadily away with a dull roaring sound, while a variety of other noises bespoke active operations at a dozen hidden points.



THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED "AQUEDUCT SYSTEM" OF THE PHILIPPINES. IN USE ALMOST EVERYWHERE OUTSIDE OF MANILA.

Comparatively at rest as we found it, the volcano has, as I have said, made its mark for destruction more than once. In the terrible eruption of 1754 a number of towns were utterly destroyed, and Balayan, fifteen miles away, was seriously injured. Cinders are said to have reached Manila, thirty-four miles distant, and for days that city was under so deep a cloud of volcanic

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dust that candles were needed at the midday meal.

I shall never lose the deep impression made upon me by the crater of Taal volcano.

And what of the people themselves—the inhabitants of the streets and the fields, whom I met with constantly after leaving Bay Lake and the puffing Isabella? It is not easy, it is true, to judge one's own people impartially. Yet as I have been absent for many years from my native land, with the exception of an occasional visit, I may be trusted to have gained enough of the cosmopolitan flavor to serve them up in fair size and shape.

The genuine Filipino does not take kindly to town life. The land is his mainstay, manufacture a secondary interest. Everywhere as I went rose the bamboo huts of the field laborers—houses seemingly walking on stilts, lifted on poles six or eight feet into the air, as if to escape contact with the rude earth. Plain and simple as these dwellings are, often with but a single room, they are always picturesque, the greenery of the tropics surrounding them and fairly swallowing them up into its verdurous depths. The people are as picturesque as their houses—happy, olive-skinned, thinly clad islanders, working when they must, but preferring above all things to bask in the sun, with an indolence in tone with their enervating atmosphere.

There is no lack of domestic animals—little, tough ponies that have in them the famous Andalusian strain; dogs of base breed and cats with twisted tails; pigs, monkeys, and fowls in abundance, monarch among which is the high-caste gamecock, the pride of every Philippine householder. But chief among these animals, the delight of his owner and the patient and humble worker in the fields, is the buffalo or carabao, which is almost a member of the family, being treated and cared for with warm affection as the children themselves.

The Filipino is a philosopher. He works when work is necessary to live, but he has a remarkable capacity for resting. His wants are few; the warm sun and fertile soil render the task of living cheap and easy. He is not concerned with laying up riches; and his indolence renders the labor question in the Philippines anything but an easy one to solve. He demands pay in advance when asked to work, and when the money is once in hand may refuse to take the necessary exercise to earn it. It is not easy, therefore, to obtain laborers on the plantations, a fact which needs to be considered in all agricultural enterprises in the Philippines. In fact, it is useless to deny that, as regards industry, the women far surpass the men. They are also more devout and cheerful.

What more shall I say of the Filipinos? One thing may be affirmed: there is no more hospitable people. Guests are always welcome, and the old people of the household are venerated and tenderly cared for, while poor relatives are often taken into the family fold and treated with all kindness and respect. Yet, kind and gentle as he is at home, the native is passionate by nature and can easily be wrought up by injustice to an uncontrollable fury. In this frenzied state of mind he may run *amuck* through crowded streets, killing all he meets until slain himself. This attack of frenzy is, however, infrequent. As a general thing the Filipino is slow to anger, yet if unjustly treated he may treasure up the wrong for years, waiting an opportunity for revenge. The natives of the Philippines, in fact, present a curious problem, not easily to be dealt with. The truth is, we do not know them yet. The rule of the Spaniard was not calculated to bring out the best element in their nature, and under different management they may prove far more tractable and industrious. Indolent as the climate makes them, they can work steadily enough when fairly paid and justly treated. Thousands of them work industriously in the cigar factories of Manila, and hundreds of thousands in the districts where just and humane methods prevail. It may be, then, that the faults and lack of industry of which the natives are accused have been results of the Spanish environment, and may disappear under a new *régime*.

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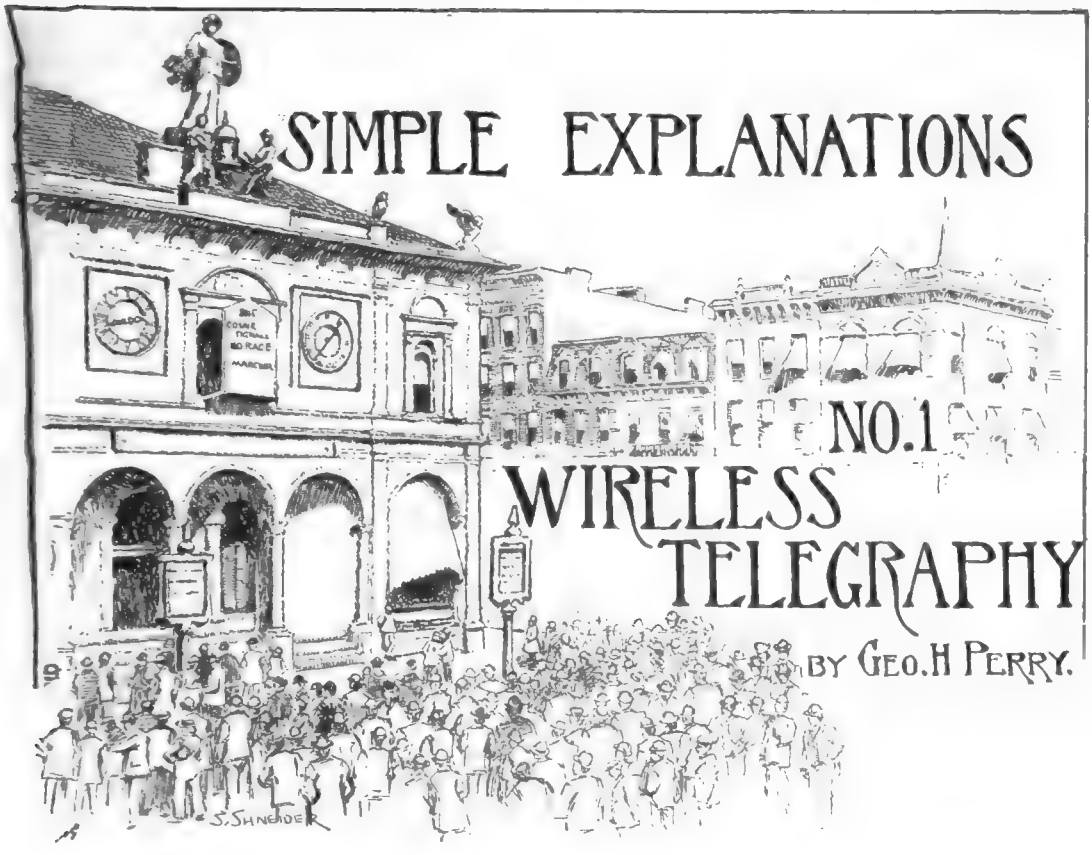

SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS

NO. 1

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

BY GEO. H PERRY.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the first of a series of time-to-time articles in which the writers will endeavor to perform one of the most difficult feats in literary engineering. This is to explain scientific principles and achievements in unscientific language—to be crystal-clear to the unscientific reader, yet rigidly exact in the eyes of the scientist.

The difficulty lies in the fact that the language of science, having been made expressly to fit its own peculiar conditions, contains words which have no plain-English equivalents. In the effort to translate these, much must be forgiven the translator. Small blame to the writer who is accustomed to the use of these words, that he finds difficulty in expressing himself without them! The temptation of the technicality is almost beyond resisting. How often have you read a "popular science" article, which swung along smoothly for a few paragraphs in words of one and two syllables, and then, just as you were beginning to understand, gibbered such phrases as "kilowatt," "static," or "triatomic," and left you guessing?

These articles will be in plain English. So let the expert and scientist turn away;—these are not meant for their reading.

IF there were a pictorial history of mankind, the illustration that heads this article would, perhaps, deserve a place in its American branch ranking in importance with the representation of such events as the receipt of that first telegraphic message, "What hath God wrought?" or the first trial of the steamboat "Fulton."

The photograph from which this picture is made shows a commonplace New York City crowd in a familiar New York City square—the open space at Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street, in front of the New York Herald Building. But the occasion has nothing commonplace about it. The crowd is reading bulletins detailing the progress (or, as it happened, the lack of progress) of the international yacht race, sent from a moving steamer twelve miles

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off-shore. It is the occasion of the first practical application in America of the Marconi system of space telegraphy.

Marconi's name will probably be connected with this latest development of electrical science for all time; and undoubtedly with justice. But, as a matter of fact, almost every one of the underlying principles of his system are the discoveries of other people. This is no reflection on Marconi, of course. Is not the man who turns a principle to the practical benefit of mankind as worthy of fame as he who discovers it?

It may surprise you to learn that the fundamental principle on which space telegraphy rests was first noted and mentioned by an American—Prof. James Henry of Washington, D. C.—more than fifty years ago.

Henry one day was experimenting with an old-fashioned electrical machine—one of the revolving-glass-plate sort which makes sparks. He was passing the sparks from this machine through a long iron wire shaped into a coil. He observed that every time a spark jumped, there was marked evidence of electrical action in another coil some distance away. He went so far as to place this second coil in the basement of the building, three storeys below the room where he was at work, and even at that distance the action in the second coil was "strong enough to magnetize needles."

This was in 1842, and there was the phenomenon of electrical action in one room of a house producing electrical action in another room, through two floors and ceilings, and without visible connection. It was wireless communication on a thirty-foot scale.

Now, it is obvious to any one who will give a moment's thought to the matter, that, if one phenomenon at A invariably produces another phenomenon at B, there *must* be some communication between A and B. It is impossible to conceive of one action influencing another action without some sort of *connection*. The connection may be roundabout, complicated, or invisible; but it exists somewhere, or the second action couldn't occur.

Henry, therefore, knew that there was something that connected the two coils in his laboratory, or at least that there was something that they had in sympathetic communion. He called this something "an electrical plenum." Modern scientists call it "the ether." They mean the same thing.

To name a thing, however, is not necessarily to understand it. As a matter of fact, although scientists believe that "the ether" exists, and can prove its existence in various ways, they know little else about it. There are some beautiful theories concerning it, one of which may be the truth; but, so far as accurate knowledge goes, the ether is at present one of the deepest secrets of nature.

However, as it is through this ether that wireless telegrams are sent, it is necessary for the purpose of explanation to attempt to give some idea of it, or, rather, some idea of what it is believed to be.

Try to imagine all space filled with a marvellous sort of jelly—a jelly invisible, imponderable, intangible, and continuous—without a rift or break or crack in it anywhere. Try to imagine this jelly of such a fine texture that it can, and does, penetrate between the very atoms of matter; that the atoms float in the jelly like a handful of currants in a real jelly, or like a handful of fine shot in a pot of semi-liquid tar. Now, if you can further imagine this unimaginable jelly to be so delicately elastic that a blow to it anywhere will shake it, not exactly in jelly-fashion, but in "waves," you will have as good an idea of "the ether" as most people have.

It is this "shaking" of the ether when it is disturbed that chiefly concerns us, and of this there is no doubt nor question. A shock to it in any spot starts waves in it, something like the waves made in a smooth sheet of water by the dropping of a stone. These ether waves can be started in various ways, but once started, they travel in a straight line in all directions from the point of shock, and always at the same speed—186,000 miles to the second. It is commonly said of them that matter is

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"transparent" to them—that is, that they will pass through all substances as light passes through glass. This is not strictly true. The electrically started waves we are now considering may be deflected, and perhaps actually stopped, by some forms and conditions of matter; but such things as house-walls, trees, water, and hills do not seem to affect them at all. If you will remember the ether as an absolutely continuous jelly, you will understand why this is so. Extending as it does through all substances as well as through all space, a wall in the way of a wave will no more prevent its progress than the mosquito-netting at your window will keep out the street noises. The ether wave passes through a wall as easily as a sound wave of air comes through the netting.

These waves are really waves—actually (as it is believed) undulatory motion in the ether. Since Henry's discovery, and especially since the investigations made by Professor Hertz of the University of Bonn (in whose honor they are usually called Hertzian waves), it has been known that they can be started in the ether (to put it rather crudely) by the passage of an electric spark under certain conditions. The jumping of an electric spark gives, as it were, a blow to the ether, which starts it a-trembling. Nobody knows *why* this is so, as yet, any more than anybody knows *why* your handkerchief will fall to the ground if you let go of it. To say "Laws of Gravitation" doesn't explain anything—it only *names* it. So, although scientists have theories of "stresses in the ether," caused by electrical charges, to account for the waves, they cannot tell yet *why* the stresses, any more than they can tell *why* the attraction of bodies.

Leave the "why of it" to the scientists to explain when they can—they are working hard at the problem all the time—and consider the simple fact. Electrical disturbances, like the passage of the spark, do give a blow to the ether, and that blow makes waves, and those waves will travel at (exactly) the speed of light, nobody knows how far. Space telegraphy is performed simply by making these blows upon the ether and reading at the distant point the waves that come from them.

It has been found to be easy to give the blows by means of electric sparks, but how shall one read the invisible waves? An Italian by the name of Calzecchi supplied this answer. You will note that there is no word of Marconi yet.

Calzecchi discovered the principle of what has been named the "coherer," and a strange and utterly unexplained principle it is. The "coherer," simply described, is a little glass tube in which are two wires—two "terminals," to use the tempting technicality. That is, the two ends of a broken electric circuit are brought together in this tube; closely, but not in contact. The space between them is filled with very finely divided silver and nickel filings—mere metal dust.

When you push a button to ring an electric bell, you probably know that you press together two pieces of metal, and thereby complete what was a broken electrical circuit.* It is one of the characteristics of an electric current that it cannot travel at all unless it can travel all the way around, and back to where it started. That is a circuit. On the way it will pass through a bell or a lamp or a telephone or wherever it is given a path, and do whatever work it has the strength to do. But if there is the slightest *break* in the metal path over which it travels, it stops altogether. A push-button is such a break until you press it. So is a telegraph key. When pressed, the ends of the break are brought together, and the bell rings or the telegraph sounder raps its message.

What has this to do with the coherer we were talking about? This—and it is the principle that has made wireless telegraphy possible: the two wires in the tube are the two ends of a broken circuit from an ordinary battery through an ordinary telegraph instrument. If they were brought together the instrument would click out a dot or a dash, according to the length of time they were held together. But they

* This may be considered absurdly elementary to print, but it is the principle of these articles to take no technical knowledge of the reader for granted.

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are not together; they are separated by a very small space, and that space is filled with this fine metal dust, which is too hard a road for the current to travel with effect. But—and here is the key to the whole thing—whenever one of these Hertzian waves encounters the coherer in its flight, it appears to weld the dust together into a homogeneous metal conductor for the instant that it is passing. During that instant the current can pass with ease, and it is the same as if the two terminals were brought together. The current crosses from one wire to the other, the circuit is complete, and the telegraph instrument sounds. When the wave has passed, the dust, at a tap on the tube, resumes its normal condition. It is just as if the coherer were a telegraph key, and the ether wave the invisible finger that pressed it.

Marconi took all these principles, improved on their practical workings, and added a discovery of his own. The combination is the practical "Marconi system" of to-day. Marconi found that the coherer would work better if it were exhausted of air. He also made the important discovery that the higher in the air you could make the blow to the ether, the farther its waves would travel with force. Nobody understands why this is so, either; but it is the fact.

The Marconi sending device consists of a battery and an "induction coil" to make sparks with, fitted with a telegraph key to control their making. When this key is pressed, sparks fly. From one of the points between which the sparks pass, a wire runs up to a metal ball on the top of a mast. The pressing of the key in the room below makes a long or short succession of sparks from the induction coil. These result in a long or short succession of ether waves, which travel in all directions from the metal ball. In their progress they pass through the coherer at the receiving station perhaps fifty miles away, and occasion, according to their length, the record of a dot or a dash in the telegraph instrument.

The difficulty in the way of an extensive use of the present system may be understood when it is remembered that the ether waves travel with equal ease in *all* directions. Every coherer within the working radius of the sending station will respond to all waves, and if a number of messages were being sent at once from different stations the confusion can be imagined. But Marconi is at work on a method of concentrating, or at least *directing*, the waves, by means of a metal reflector, precisely as a light-ray is directed by a mirror.

The speed of the sending is about the same as on an ordinary land line, fifteen to eighteen words a minute. The distance to which messages can successfully be sent is as yet under 150 miles, but the *possibilities* of the principles involved have no limits except the limits of space.

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MONSIEUR COQUELIN.

(1) THIS IS M. COQUELIN, THE GREAT FRENCH ACTOR, AT AIX-LES-BAINS, WHERE HE HAS GONE TO TAKE THE WATERS. HE RECEIVES AN INVITATION FROM OUR SNAPSHOOTER TO BE INTERVIEWED. HE IS NOT WELL ACQUAINTED WITH ENGLISH, AND OUR MAN IS NOT TOO WELL VERSED IN FRENCH.

(2) HAPPY THOUGHT! WHY TALK AT ALL? M. COQUELIN WILL TAKE HIS FIRST DRINK.

(3) "ONE HAS TO BE EXCEEDINGLY CAREFUL IN THESE MATTERS. THE EXACT QUANTITY IS ESSENTIAL."

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(4) "UM! DON'T FANCY I SHALL LIKE IT."

(5) WELL—

(6) HERE—

(7) GOES.

(8) FINIS—

(9) —OF THE SHORTEST INTERVIEW EVER HELD.

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A HOUSE THAT CROSSED THE CONTINENT.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—ED.]

A HOUSE THAT CROSSED THE CONTINENT.

THE accompanying photograph of an odd house on wheels was taken in New York City a few months ago, just as the house had finished its journey from Seattle, Wash., to the Battery, New York, a total distance of almost four thousand miles. The house is made of old lumber which had first seen service as packing-boxes and as a barn; the "foundations" being the pole, axles, and four wheels of a superannuated hay-wagon. The person who made the house is the owner who travelled in it throughout its entire journey, on which he was accompanied by his wife and two young children. The odd affair attracted a large crowd in every town through which it passed, particularly as the owner had no object in his peculiar trip beyond the mere gratification of his whim. Locomotion was supplied by a horse, but the latter was not at all overworked, as at every town on the line of march the wagon stopped for several days "to see the sights." It took a year and a half to complete the journey.

AN EAR OF CORN FIFTY-FIVE FEET TALL.

THE KANSAS CORN CARNIVAL.

A corn-cob higher than a four-story dwelling-house, a beautiful bouquet of flowers made entirely of corn, a large doll made of and attired in the same materials—these are only a few of the hundreds of objects prepared by the farmers of the State of Kansas to celebrate the enormous corn harvest which they reaped last October (1899). The celebration, which was called "The Corn Carnival," was held in Atchison, the chief city of the State, and while the affair lasted the town was practically corn-crazy. Nearly all the residents of Atchison—

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A BASKET OF FLOWERS MADE ENTIRELY OF CORN.

A DOLL MADE FROM CORN-HUSKS.

men, women, and children—never set foot into the streets, while the affair lasted, without some portion of their attire being made of corn and the other elements of a corn-plant—husks, cobs, silk, stalks, and so on; while many of the younger citizens wore clothing exclusively made of corn—dresses, trousers, hats, umbrellas, and everything except boots, and even the latter were frequently decorated with corn-husks or flowers made of corn. At every important street corner was an arch built of corn, all the houses and shops of the city were decorated with the same vegetable, and during the evenings the visitors and residents pelted each other good-naturedly with shelled corn, so that by morning the prominent streets were fairly paved with the maize. The basket of corn-flowers shown in the illustration was made for Mrs. McKinley and accepted by her, the ingenious flower-maker being Mrs. J. H. Cussick, of Atchison. The big ear of corn is composed of many thousands of ordinary ears, each ordinary ear representing one grain in the finished monster.

A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

An invention that is likely to revolutionize the methods hitherto employed on the sugar plantations of the country is shown in the accompanying illustration. Capt. John A. Aniello, of New Orleans, has long devoted himself to the problem of producing a machine that would effect sufficient economy in labor to make sugar culture profitable to the Southern planter, and the result would certainly appear to have justified his efforts.

He has produced a wagon sixteen feet long, seven and a half feet wide, and two and a half feet deep, divided lengthwise into compartments from which there is a regular flow of, first, some fertilizing material, and, second, the seed-cane. In front of the wagon are two ploughshares, and after the fertilizer and the seed-cane have been dropped into

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the furrows thus prepared, the earth on both sides is nicely and evenly thrown back over the cane by a very ingenious arrangement fitted to the rear of the wagon. Two men to feed the cane into the "feeder," one driver, and four mules are all the manual labor and all the motive power needed.

A WONDERFUL AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT.

THE LARGEST CAMERA EVER MADE.

Our photograph shows a camera that will take a plate 40 by 40 inches, and to the extreme right, for the sake of comparison, is an ordinary 8 by 10 camera. Yet the big instrument is so adjusted that the plates for the smaller camera may, if necessary, be used in it. This giant camera is over four feet in height and more than three feet in width, and some idea of the immense size of the plates may be gathered from the fact that when resting on the ground they reach considerably above the waist of the operator. The camera when extended has a seven-and-a-half-foot bed, giving an eighty-one-inch draw to the bellows. The bed is made in three sections, so that it may be packed into a comparatively small space. The owner of this remarkable instrument intends to make a tour of the globe with it, with the idea of reproducing the world's masterpieces in the different art galleries.

THE BIGGEST CAMERA IN THE WORLD.

THE LAST VOLLEY.

Few sights are more impressive than the burial of a soldier with military honors, even amid so much which excites the attention and feeling in the many ceremonials of military life. To the soldier, and especially one who has seen service in the field, there

THE LAST VOLLEY.

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A BOY WHO, UNDER HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE, CAN SEE THROUGH THE HUMAN BODY.

is nothing so solemn as that brief command at the end of the funeral ceremony, "With blank cartridge load!" The remarkable instantaneous photograph reproduced here was taken as the last word of command was given, "Fire!"

A BOY WITH AN "X-RAY" EYE.

In South Braintree, a suburb of Boston, Mass., Dr. Frank Brett and his eleven-year-old son, Alfey Leonel, have, if the statements of such well-known and reputable physicians, surgeons, and men of science as Dr. John S. Flagg, former Dean of the Faculty of the Boston College of Physicians and Surgeons; Dr. Frank L. Burt, head physician of the Union General Hospital, Boston, Mass., and Dr. E. L. Keys, of Cornell University, New York, can be depended upon, gone farther out into that vast untrodden realm of psychical knowledge than any one has gone before.

Dr. Frank Brett is a physician whose practice and connection with one or two Boston hospitals satisfy his ambition and provide a comfortable living for his family. The son, one of two, eleven years old, is a handsome boy, with all the normal boyish, happy instincts. To look at him one fails to see just wherein he differs from any other schoolboy of his age and condition. Yet when hypnotized by his father the eyes of this boy possess all the wonderful faculties of the Roentgen rays. Outside clothing, linen, underwear, the human skin and flesh itself are as nothing in his sight. The bones of the subject stand out in bold relief, and the organs of the person upon whom he may be looking are spread before him as though on a chart. Furthermore —and most important of all—these miraculous eyes behold the human anatomy in its true colors, red, white, brown, even to the blue of the venous blood. This is impossible with the X-rays. Under its use everything appears of the same shade.

Young Brett, aided by his father, has performed feats which have astonished the eminent physicians connected with Harvard Medical College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Boston.

The boy is unable to remain under the hypnotic influence for longer than fifteen minutes at a time, and when awakened by his father from the trance is at first weak and faint. It is undoubtedly a severe strain upon his nervous system.

DR. BRETT, THE HYPNOTIZER.

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

PRACTICAL PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS.

The presence of the dull days and failing light is regarded by too many amateur photographers as the end of the season, so far as the actual taking of photographs is concerned. The more ardent doubtless still look forward to autumn and winter work; to the obtaining of low-toned, picturesque little "bits" of misty sunsets and reedy pools; but for the majority the work which is now before them is more of an indoor character.

The first thing to be done after the camera has been overhauled and put away till spring, or another holiday season, if this unkind fate is in store for it, should be the sorting out into four classes the negatives that have been obtained: first, good; second, bad; third, over-exposed; fourth, under-exposed.

Those in the first category should be at once placed in the negative box or film album, as the case may be, and properly indexed, so that any particular one required can be found with certainty and with as little delay as possible. Those in the second of the classes named should be ruthlessly destroyed, as their retention will only too often lead to the waste of time and good material in vain attempts to get a passable print from them. As the good and perfect negative is, with the average worker, the exception rather than the rule, it will be understood that those falling into one or other of the two remaining classes will be fairly numerous. Many, however, may be quite capable of improvement, and it is with this subject we shall first deal.

Fortunately for the tyro, many cases of over-exposure can be, if not cured, at least ameliorated. In very gross cases, however, the negative is not capable of much remedy.

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The process by which a negative is improved that takes hours of sunlight to print, and from which the result gained is poor and weak, is called "reduction." This may be either local or general. Local reduction is where only certain portions of the negative, such as the sky or a white mit the reducer to come in contact with the exact portion needing reduction, and to work with an *even* circular motion. The operation should, of course, be stopped as soon as the right amount of reduction has been brought about. If a reducer other than that of methylated spirit is used, the

Photo by R. W. Copeman.

SOAPSUDS.

dress, require to be reduced, and this may be brought about by the use of strong methylated spirit, or one of the less active reducing agents, applied to the part it is desired to affect, with the tip of the finger covered with wash-leather, or with an artist's stump moistened with the spirit.

Care should be taken not to injure the delicate film of the negative, to only perplate or film must be thoroughly washed in running water before being redried.

One of the best reducers, which, as it is somewhat slow in action, may be used for either partial or general reduction, is as follows:

A.

Ferricyanide of potassium.....	20 grs.
Water.....	1 oz.

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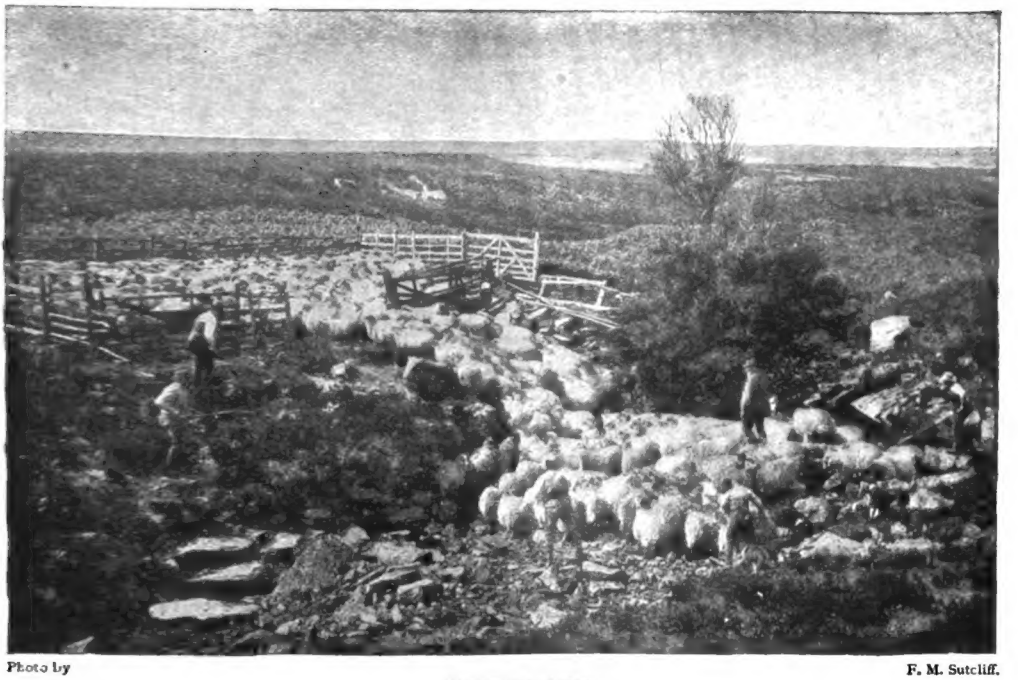

Photo by F. M. Sutcliff.

MUSTERING SHEEP.

B.

Hyposulphite of soda.....	1 oz.
Water.	18 oz.

For use, take sufficient of B to thoroughly cover the negative when placed in a shallow porcelain or vulcanite dish, to which add a few drops of A. It is best to commence with a small quantity of the ferricyanide solution, as with any excess reduction is apt to take place too rapidly for proper control. The process should be carefully watched, and more of solution A added from time to time as may be required to accelerate matters. As soon as the negative is sufficiently reduced it should at once be removed and washed thoroughly for not less than an hour and a half in running water or sixteen changes. What remains of the solution should be thrown away, as it will not keep. But, of course, several negatives may be reduced in one lot at the same time.

It should be noted that *film* negatives require the A solution to be used in a greater proportion than glass negatives.

For negatives which would be hopeless in the above reducing agent the following may be found efficacious:

Reducer for Much Over-Exposure.

Ferri-perchloride (B. P.)....	2 drachms.
Hydrochloric acid.....	4 "
Water to make	20 oz.

After development and fixing, the negative should be washed for a few minutes, and then placed for a minute or so in sufficient of the solution to cover it; then washed and placed in fixing bath.

Hypo.....	4 oz.
Water	1 pint.

When reduction has proceeded sufficiently far, remove negative and thoroughly wash for at least two hours in running water. Negatives which are not treated *at time of development* should be soaked in water till the film is soft (say for ten minutes), and then placed in reducing solution; subsequent treatment being as before stated. The foregoing reducer is a powerful one, and the process of reduction should be carefully watched.

We now come to the fourth class of negatives; the fault in this case being that they lack density, whilst they frequently have considerable detail.

A mercurial intensifier is generally

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used, but with both it and the uranium process a thorough washing of the film by which *every trace of hypo is removed is absolutely essential.* A negative may be intensified either before or after it is dry, but in the latter case it must be placed in water for at least half an hour before intensification is attempted.

The first thing to be done in the mercurial process is to bleach the negative in a bath composed of:

Chloride of mercury, saturated solution.....	1 pint.
Strong hydrochloric acid.....	15 drops.

In the case of very weak negatives the bleaching process should be carried on until the whole of the film shows white when looked at from the back. The negative must then be thoroughly washed. When only a slight amount of opacity by darkening the film is required, the negative is immersed in a 10 per cent. solution of sulphite of soda, to which has been added ten drops of acetic acid per ounce. The bleaching and darkening process may be repeated till the desired amount of denseness is acquired.

When the amount of density desired is great the bleached film should be, after washing, treated as a freshly exposed one and redeveloped, for which any developer may be used.

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HA! A NIBBLE!

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POPULAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER
Richard Carvel,	Winston Churchill	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Janice Meredith,	Paul Leicester Ford	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
David Harum,	Edward Noyes Westcott	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden	(Bowen, Merrill & Co., $1.50).
The Market Place,	Harold Frederic	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Mr. Dooley in Peace and War,	F. P. Dunne	(Small, Maynard & Co., $1.25).
Concerning Isabel Carnaby,	Ellen T. Fowler	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.00).
Stalky & Co.,	Rudyard Kipling	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Little Novels of Italy,	Maurice Hewlett	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Young April,	Egerton Castle	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
The Orange Girl,	Walter Besant	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Kit Kennedy,	S. R. Crockett	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Black Douglas,	S. R. Crockett	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
No. 5 John Street,	Richard Whiteing	(The Century Co., $1.50).
Red Rock,	Thomas Nelson Page	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
Children of the Mist,	E. Phillpot	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50).
Cromwell's Own,	Arthur Patterson	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Idyls of the Sea,	Frank T. Bullen	(D. Appleton & Co., $1.50).
That Fortune,	Charles Dudley Warner	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Fowler,	Beatrice Harraden	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
The Open Question,	Elizabeth Robbins (C. E. Raimond)	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Garden of Swords,	Max Pemberton	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
A Triple Entanglement,	Mrs. Burton Harrison	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.25).
The Lion and the Unicorn,	Richard Harding Davis	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
Miss Cayley's Adventures,	Grant Allen	(G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.50).
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
A Daughter of the Vine,	Gertrude Atherton	(John Lane, $1.50).
The Strong Arm,	Robert Barr	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.25).
The War with Spain,	Henry Cabot Lodge	(Harper & Bros., $2.50).

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TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER
Yale: Her Campus, Classrooms, and Athletics,	Walter Camp and L. S. Welch	(L. C. Page & Co., $2.50).
Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant,	Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $3.50).
Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett		(Harper & Bros., $5.00).
James Russell Lowell and His Friends,	Edited by Edward Everett Hale	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $3.00).
Dreyfus—Letters Written to His Wife		(Harper & Bros., $1.00).
Wild Animals I Have Known,	E. Seton Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
Guide to the Wild Flowers,	Alice Lounsberry	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $2.50).
Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign,	Capt. John Bigelow, U.S.A.	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
Japan in Transition,	Stafford Ransome	(Harper & Bros., $3.00).
The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems,	Edwin Markham	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.00).
Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America (2 vols.),	John Fiske	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $4.00).
Tramping with Tramps,	Josiah Flynt	(The Century Co., $1.50).
American Land and Letters,	Donald G. Mitchell	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.50).
Admiral George Dewey,	John Barrett	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
The Life of the Spirit,	Hamilton W. Mabie	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
Nooks and Corners of Old New York,	Charles Hemstreet	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).

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